

THE READER

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 20.

Saturday, May 16, 1863.

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5th May, 1863. HENRY W. GREEN, Secretary.

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LONDON.—THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY is now ready, and contains the following Papers, which have been read before the Society:—

1. ON THE STUDY OF ANTHROPOLOGY. By Dr. James Hunt, F.R.S. (President).
 2. ON THE INDIAN TRIBES OF LORETO. By Prof. Raimondi.
 3. A DAY AMONGST THE PANS. By Capt. Burton, V.P.
 4. HUMAN REMAINS FROM ABBEVILLE. By A. Tylor, F.G.S., F.L.S.
 5. NOTES ON A CASE OF MICROCEPHALY. By R. T. Gore, Esq., F.R.S.
 6. REPORTS OF THE DISCUSSIONS OF THE SOCIETY, &c., &c. Prof. Waitz's work, "Anthropologie der Naturvölker," is now in the press. Some Memoirs are also being prepared for publication.
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THE READER.

SATURDAY, 16 MAY, 1863.

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IT is stated that more than three thousand books and pamphlets respecting the American war have already issued from the press on this side of the Atlantic or the other. We can well believe it. Every great transaction of modern times thus leaves its register behind it in a deposit or stratum of literature; and the literature of the American War will probably surpass in bulk the literature of the French Revolution.

We shall not attempt to analyse the American-War Literature already accumulated. It consists of publications of all sizes and kinds, good, bad, and indifferent—roughly divisible, perhaps, into the three heaps of the pro-Federalist, the pro-Confederate, and the purely critical or independent. But, pervading all this recent American-War Literature, whichever of the three heaps we examine—though probably to be found most apparent in the comparatively few publications of the third heap—there are, we think, certain curious germs of new notions with respect to America and American civilization, certain signs of important changes wrought by the war in what used to be the prevalent doctrine and style of speculation everywhere concerning the cosmopolitical significance and function of the great American Republic.

What used to be the prevalent doctrine or style of speculation respecting the great social experiment going on in the New World, and its probable rebound on the more veteran and complex civilization of the Old? Unless we are mistaken, something like this:—More than three hundred years ago our European forefathers discovered what may be called a new cheek to our planet—a vast habitable continent, previously unknown, wherein there were scattered relics of strange races that had roamed over it or dwelt on it; but these relics so scanty and mean, in proportion to the expanse and its capabilities, that it seemed as if God had kept the land vacant, in the sheer care of the elements and a few red Indians, until the men of the Old World should have occasion for it, and should be ready to enter

upon the possession. Accordingly, America did become mere new space and growing-ground for colonies from the chief European nations—of which colonies those of English or Anglo-Saxon foundation gradually proved themselves the most capable, and superseded or absorbed the others, or distanced them in wealth, importance, and strength. But what sort of items from her own body did the Old World thus part with, and send over to form the beginnings of the body-politic in the New? Items of all sorts; but with this one common character amid all their diversities, that they were all the extreme tips and clippings, the very last developments, of the social, moral, and intellectual tendencies of the Old World. It was out of a medley of all the things that could not rest in Europe, or were not allowed to rest in it—extreme English Puritanism, extreme English Cavalierism, extreme English Roman Catholicism, French Huguenotism and Jesuitism, German Moravianism and other mystic forms of piety, more modern additions of political Refugeeism from all countries, not to speak of the migration all along of mere adventurous spirits, and the blacker exports of Europe's swindlers and irredeemable criminals—it was out of such a medley that the beginnings and reinforcements of American society were composed. It was because the best and most hopeful of these elements had congregated themselves on the first area of the United States, or because there the best elements attained the rule, that these States became greater and nobler than all the rest, and were recognised, *par excellence*, as the real America. Still, the notion was that what was seen there was simply a transplantation of what was best and most advanced, or at least most extreme and developed, in the social tendencies of Europe—a transplantation into a freer space and ampler growing-ground, where, disentangled from impediments and restrictions, it might extend and flourish, and where, moreover, from the very necessity that there should be peace and mutual toleration among so many elements of different origin, problems of government and civil equality never solved in the Old World were sure to be worked out. Hence the idea was that the great American Republic was an experiment of cosmopolitical significance, a kind of pilot-experiment for all humanity, showing, by the actual spectacle of a nation ahead of the rest by its constitution and in its processes, what all the world, or at least all the civilized world of Europe, was certainly coming to, if it advanced at all. American Equality and Democracy, in short, were regarded as the haven to which all the nations were tending; to America, as to a big black board on which the most difficult political problems were chalked up and easily solved, the eyes of all political thinkers in Europe were bid to turn themselves. Nay, speculation went farther. The North American Republic was extending itself, and would extend itself over the whole of the American continent; Annexation, and even Filibusterism—which last is the conquest of territories on the joint-stock principle by associations of individuals, instead of by governments—seemed agencies, on the whole beneficent, conducing to this result; and, when the entire American cheek of the earth had thus been overspread and possessed by an advanced democracy, or even long before that time, might there not be an effort of domination thence over the other and older cheek, and an acceleration of the slow processes of European and Asiatic society by actual American interference?

Something like this, we say, was the prevalent doctrine and style of speculation with regard to America. Not that it was universal. Sturdy and unreasoning prejudice at home would not take to American institutions, would not like the Americans and their ways, would abuse then in books, would maintain that Democracy and Yankeeism were but other names for braggartism and perdition. A wise Tocqueville, also, sympathetically and admiringly studying American civilization, could see dangers in it; and,

while admitting it to be a splendid pilot-experiment for the whole earth, could not but recognise certain superiorities still apparently inseparable from the civilization of the older and more crowded nations of Europe. Among ourselves there were some deep thinkers, by whom—disposed as they were ever more strongly to maintain the principle of Authority as the shouts around them became louder for Liberty—the material prosperity of the American Republic was regarded as a phenomenon to be explained by mainly physical causes, and not very admirable essentially, and not likely to last very long. Again, there were shrewd and kindly travellers, like Dickens, who brought back from America, as the results of their direct observation of men and manners there, such reports as could not, whatever were one's philosophical prepossessions, give one a very lofty idea of the peculiarities of the actual American mind. It is extraordinary to note now how courageously Mr. Dickens, in his "Chuzzlewit," set down, on the faith of his own impressions, things about the Americans which it was not the fashion to express then, but which it has been common enough to say of late. Finally, there were the liberal and philanthropic men, who, full of admiration for America, saw the black spot of slavery in the very centre of what they admired, and who wondered how and when the spot was to disappear. Still, on the whole, the prevalent doctrine with respect to America, in quarters where doctrines about anything exist, was very much what we have described.

But now all this is, at least for the moment, changed. The American war has given a shock to all former beliefs about America. Although a disruption of the great Republic had been sometimes predicted, the actual disruption has come upon men as a complete surprise, and has occasioned thoughts which could never have been occasioned by the mere fancy of a disruption. Little wonder that those who admired America most, and had the highest hopes of her cosmopolitical function, should be zealous for the preservation of the Union! The Republic, broken into two or more fragments, is no longer the world-affecting power that they used hopefully to contemplate. Hopes may, indeed, gather round the fragments, but not of the same high kind that the unbroken unity commanded.

Actually in some quarters the changed or diminished estimate of America in relation to the rest of the world has taken the form of a secret query whether, after all, the American cheek of the world, which Europeans have been colonizing for three hundred years, and on which they have hoped to rear civilizations of such perfect grain, may not, by its climate and other physical conditions, have been compelling all along a degeneracy, in certain important respects, of whatever of Old World origin has settled upon it. America had its native flora and fauna; products of the Old World transplanted to America have undergone a modification of type; and man himself, as we see, has been no exception. The Americanized European has a physiognomy, a figure, and even a voice and utterance of his own. Now, is it necessary to assume that this change, undergone by the European settler in America, is intrinsically an improvement? An adaptation to the new conditions it certainly is; but, absolutely, is it an improvement? Man and conditions together, may not American existence be, in some respects, a deterioration from European existence—so that, even if it be granted that American existence took its start out of a combination of the best and most extreme excellencies of the Old World, we have yet, in fact, to take account not merely of a continued development of these excellencies, in order to realize America as it now is, but also of a certain down-dragging or deteriorating force that has been incessantly attending the development? Is not Southern America only a vast deterioration of what was already bad enough in Spain and Portugal? Out of that sputter of revolts of the Spanish colonies from the mother

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country, and that simultaneous formation of independent republics, from which Canning anticipated such splendid consequences, what has really come but confusion worse confounded? And, *mutatis mutandis*, may there not be a similar tendency to disorganization, and to degeneracy from the original material, in North America? Incomparably grander than aught of Spanish or Portuguese origin as the Anglo-Saxon civilization of North America has been, may there not in North America too be a physical necessity of slow dissolution? In the break-up of the great American Republic do we not see the agency at work?

This wild speculation, we know, is actually going through some British minds, and expressing itself privately, if not yet publicly. Hardly anywhere is it more than a mere query; but with some the query is taking no less articulate a shape than this—whether the west of the Old World is not the portion of the earth inherently capable of sustaining the highest humanity, and whether that westward process of civilization in still higher and higher stages which past history exhibits does not stop there, so that whatever is placed in America is placed on a theatre where the East virtually begins again, and where the conditions, as proved by the perishing of its aborigines, compel a relapse? Against such a whimsy the mere recollection of what the United States have been—a mere glance at the vast equipment and appurtenances of either the Southern or the Northern power at the present moment—is an overwhelming protest. Degeneracy and deterioration in North America! In North America with its vast resources; with its wondrous agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial activity; with its cities, its docks, its arsenals, its bewildering plenitude of engineering and mechanical inventions; with its systems of law, state-polity, and education; with its swarming populations, brimful of energy, information, and ability of all kinds; with its already rich tradition of the thoughts and acts of great minds in science, in art, in oratory, and in literature! No! America, as regards Europe, is still the vanguard, is still geographically the go-ahead West. No relapse here, whatever else there is! And so, abandoning this wild theory of a relapse, but still feeling their previous views of the cosmopolitical function of America shaken by recent events, there are others who content themselves with more practical criticism. There are many, of course, who, having had no faith, or very little faith in democracy and equality at any time, but having been compelled to a certain respectful attention to such an experiment in democracy and equality as was being worked out across the Atlantic, are now relieved, and hasten to proclaim the experiment a wreck. Not to concern ourselves with these, however, there are others who, still retaining an affectionate interest in the experiment, find themselves now obliged to think that the experiment has been seriously misconducted. The retention of slavery in America; the hideous corruption of electioneering; the systematic swamping of individual thought and worth by the will of the numerical majority—are these, and other such things, it is asked, essential to every version of democracy, or are they only blunders and errata in the American version of it? As, hitherto, however, the American version of democracy has passed as the true version, this very feeling that there have been blunders in American democracy, and that the world may have yet to seek another exemplification of democracy and to improve its very theory of democracy, amounts to a lowering of the estimate hitherto entertained of America's excellence as compared with the rest of the world, and a revived belief that there may still be in the old parts of the earth, with all their difficulties, and entanglements, energies even of political pith and virtue never found in America, and from which America herself may have impulse and benefit. In other words, the balance between the Old World and the New is considerably redressed; and it is felt that, after all, the

larger quantity of the historical vitality, the directing and piloting power, of the human race as a whole, may still lie in old Europe. And in aid of this turn of feeling comes the criticism which circumstances have made inevitable of certain peculiarities of the American mind and intellect, American oratory, and American literary style. On this matter we will not now enter farther than to express our belief that much of the very prevalent Anti-Northern sentiment in Britain is a mere oppugnance to bad taste.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

AMELIA WILHELMINA SIEVEKING.

Life of Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking. From the German. Edited, with the author's sanction, by Catherine Winkworth. (Longmans.)

The Principles of Charitable Work—Love, Truth, and Order—as set forth in the Writings of Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking, Foundress of the Female Society for the Care of the Sick and Poor in Hamburg. (Longmans.)

HOW the powers of women may be turned to their best and highest account; how far charitable work, in its many branches, is a right and natural employment for them; and by what kind of organisation it may best be carried on, are problems which are pressing on us from all sides. They pressed on Miss Sieveking with the added force of novelty; for, until her time, it had scarcely been admitted in Germany that such questions had a right to exist at all. It cannot but be good for us to learn what a noble practical solution she found for them in her own life, notwithstanding many difficulties and much early discouragement. In these words Miss Winkworth defines the object with which she and a lady unnamed have prepared a joint translation of the charming memoir published at Hamburg in 1859, and in furtherance of which her coadjutor has also strung together, in a companion volume, a series of extracts from various publications, designed to show how much may be done for the bodily and spiritual benefit of thousands upon thousands by the honest, earnest efforts of a few weak women. The object is excellent; and, as far as editorial work can go, it is admirably achieved. Of the two volumes in our hands, it is hardly possible to speak too highly. Their interest is even greater, perhaps, than Miss Winkworth and her friend contemplated. Besides presenting an example of charitable work at its noblest, they throw most valuable light on the entire subject of philanthropic labour; and, besides depicting in a graceful winning way a life of rare Christian worth, they offer notable contributions to the general history of the revolution, spiritual and intellectual, through which German society has been passing ever since the beginning of the present century.

Amelia Sieveking was born at Hamburg in 1794. Her father was a merchant and senator of repute; and it was at the house of her uncle, son-in-law of Reimarus, that the most brilliant company ever assembled in Hamburg was wont to meet. The names of such men as Lessing and Klopstock, Jacobi and Claudius, Reichardt and Perthes, were familiar to her in childhood, and, through her father and brothers, they greatly influenced the growth of her character. She was hardly in her teens when she began to write romantic tales and robber-tragedies, metaphysical treatises, and political essays. Before she was fifteen, she had carried her speculations as to the existence of God and the soul to the verge of infidelity. Yet with all this there was a curious combination, in her girlish thought and action, of asceticism and mysticism, inherited from the pietists of earlier generations. When she thought she had done wrong, she put pebbles into her shoes; and once, for a period of some months, she washed her own linen. In other ways she gave evidence of a temperament which would compel her to resort to foolish modes of self-denial if none reasonable were offered to her.

"There are two ways to distinguish oneself," as she said in one of her childish dramas, "the way of good and the way of evil; he who hesitates between the two is a weakling and a coward." Resolved only to follow boldly the line of conduct that came before her, she left it for chance—or Providence—to decide whether it should be good or bad.

She had not long to wait. Left without a mother when she was only five, and fatherless at fifteen, she was sent, in 1811, to live with a wealthy widow, named Brünemann, and act as a sort of companion to her son, an invalid youth of twenty. This was a greater work of self-denial even than Amelia cared to undertake. She resolved that, as soon as the patient recovered or died, she would go and fight her own way through the world as a governess. When, however, at the end of a few months, Madame Brünemann lost her son, Amelia had no heart to forsake her. She agreed to remain as an adopted daughter; and through seven-and-twenty years the relationship was maintained, with steady growth of love on either side. For Amelia it was certainly the best arrangement that could be made. It secured for her the protection of a woman older and, in all worldly affairs, wiser than herself. It also left her time to do the work for which she seemed specially appointed. "I looked around," she wrote at a later day, "for some vocation that should satisfy my intellect and my heart, and the Lord suffered me to find it in the education of youth." She began by teaching knitting to the little daughter of a family living in the same house with Madame Brünemann. Then an elder sister came to learn reading and writing, and soon six others were brought in to make up a little school. These eight she taught regularly for several years, studying closely in the evening in order that, during the day, she might properly instruct them in the somewhat abstruse subjects to which her scheme of teaching advanced. "A woman's knowledge," she said in one of her letters, "can never be called *learning*, except in mockery." Yet she did learn many things, in science, philosophy, theology, and literature, which educated men might envy her; and in the refinement of a Christian spirit she learnt more than all but the very noblest of her generation could lay claim to. "I am nothing yet," we read in another letter; "but I grow towards something, and what a heavenly delight lies in this growth! Love, love is the great power which must give the true womanly charm to my character. I will learn to love my fellow-creatures more warmly and tenderly than I have done; and for the sake of my affection they shall forgive me, even if some may think that I venture too far out of my proper sphere."

Love of a less cosmopolitan sort was not wanting in Amelia Sieveking's disposition. Twice, in secret, her heart yearned, with all the warmth that a woman may modestly feel, for marriage; but in neither case was her love requited. Therefore, she resolved to do without marriage. "I have often thought over this, quietly and alone," she wrote to one of her friends; "and the result of my meditations is the hope that even a single life, should God call me to it, will not be a joyless one to me. In that case I have a plan ready in my head, from which I promise myself many hours of purest happiness."

The plan, started when she was eighteen, and cherished all through life, was for the establishment of a Protestant order of sisters of mercy. She never realized it, and it is well that she did not; but the idea led to the establishment of another institution, much more likely to prosper and retain healthy life from generation to generation. In 1831, while the cholera was sweeping over Europe, and at the first notice of its presence in Hamburg, Amelia Sieveking astonished even the friends who had grown accustomed to her other acts of charity, by offering to take up her abode in the hospital, and nurse the patients. The offer was accepted; and, during the two months that the malady held its ground in the city, her whole time was given up to attendance on the sick and dying.

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Long before the time was over, she had overcome the prejudices of even her stoutest opponents, and had shown how much may be done, in simple ways and by loving thought, not only to lessen the pains of the dying, but to bring back to health many who without proper care could not possibly recover. Long before it was over, also, she had completed a project for forming an Association for the Care of the Sick and Poor. With the assistance of twelve other ladies, the society was formed in 1832. In 1849 it numbered seventy-three members, and, besides its original machinery, possessed an almshouse for nine poor families, and a children's hospital.

The distinguishing characteristic of the institution, as planned and developed by the founders, is the union of strict order with the utmost possible amount of individual freedom. Everything was done by rule, and everything done was recorded (thus the experience of the whole society became available for every member); but every member had a vote, and was invited to take part in the making or alteration of the rules, by which, when enacted, all were bound.

The members of the society lived in their own families, and discharged their home duties, so that the time they could undertake to give to their common work varied according to their strength and energy, and the extent of other claims upon them; but what they undertook they were required to perform, or to give a reason for the omission. The strictest account was kept of every penny of the funds entrusted to the society, and an exact abstract of this was published in the annual report. The distribution of the work was made by the president, with needful regard to the qualifications of each member, so that each had that portion of the work allotted to her which she could do best; and, by the division of labour and combination of powers, the true ideal of a society—many members forming one body—was realised.

The scheme of charity in accordance with which this society was founded, the method of its working, and some deductions therefrom as to the general character of Christian ministrations to the poor, are detailed in "The Principles of Charitable Work." The noble part taken by Amelia Sieveking in its formation and its government during six-and-twenty years; the excellent spirit in which she bound all the parts together so as to form a solid whole, useful alike to the ladies who visited and nursed, and to the poor who were tended and cared for; and the marvellous zeal with which she applied herself to all the duties of this undertaking, and of other new ones that grew out of it, without abandoning any of the earlier work that had made her life busier than most women's, are illustrated in the "Life." Let one summer-day's business, in 1837, hardly more crowded than any of the others, serve as a specimen of her varied occupations:—

On Tuesday I get up at half-past four, and am employed for the children till six. I take my breakfast while I am at work. At six I set off for the city, and arrive at the Town-Hall about a quarter after seven. Here there are generally about twenty or more poor people waiting to speak to me. This lasts till half-past eight, when I go to our own house and look through any notes that come for me, or prepare something more for my school; and, if there is any time left before lessons begin, I take another walk, either to call on some of the poor people, or to go on their errands to the doctor for the poor, the guardians, and the like. At ten o'clock my little ones come to me, and stay till near two. At half-past two I go to the Free School, where I give religious instruction till half-past three. The time from half-past three till five is filled up with errands or writing for the association. At five some of my former scholars assemble, and I first have a regular Bible-lesson with them; then we drink tea and converse; and towards the end of our time I generally tell them anything likely to interest them in the way of literature or general subjects. At eight o'clock they separate. Meantime, the visiting reports from the ladies of the association have been sent in. These reports, much more than a hundred in number, must now be looked through, many things taken note of, and the visits newly apportioned. This work employs me as long as I can keep awake; but I cannot finish it before bedtime. . . . You will see there is no mention of any dinner-time on these three days, and,

in fact, I take none. An occasional slice of bread-and-butter, a hard-boiled egg, or a bit of cold meat, generally eaten standing, I find quite sufficient.

Yet, amid all this, Amelia Sieveking found time for the writing not only of long letters, but of large books on religious and charitable topics. The little income of which she became mistress on the death of Madame Brunnemann was nearly all given away; and, to keep her in health, her friends had to resort to an innocent system of bribery. Her brother—the well-known London merchant—sent her a little present in 1846, with a promise that, as soon as she had spent it all on her own comforts, he would send a larger gift to her association. "I no longer use my legs for going to Ham or Altona," she wrote in acknowledgment; "but always go quite grandly in the omnibus, and I must tell you in confidence that I find it very pleasant. But all my omnibus-drives have not sufficed to dispose of the money. Although I have used it to pay my doctor's bill, and have an egg for breakfast every day, there still are, alas! about thirty-two marks in my purse, and how to use them before the 1st of August I really do not see."

Amelia Sieveking—Aunt Milly, as her school-children called her, even to the end, while they laughed and played about her—died in the spring of 1859, in the sixty-fifth year of her age. We would fain say something of the occupations of her last years, and of the heavenly temper that marked her closing days, of the beauty of her whole character, and especially of the kindness of her broad Christian faith, inclining her to sympathize with workers of every creed, and, by its genial influence, drawing them all to herself and one another, despite their narrow doctrines and their idle animosities. But the book in which all these are detailed is one that we hope all our readers will study for themselves. "Novels," said Amelia Sieveking, "are neither a principal nor a favourite part of my reading. I rarely take them up; and, when I do, I seldom find them much to my taste. These fictions, in which the author acts the part of Providence, and entangles the threads of human lives or severs the knot at his pleasure, appear to me so poverty-stricken beside the simple, truthful manifestations of the Divine Providence that we see in the fate of nations and in the lives of individuals." In that judgment there is only one-sided truth; but the truthful side is admirably shown by comparison of this simple honest narrative of a real life with the false and flippant novels now so plentiful among us. H. R. F. B.

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY'S "WATER-BABIES."

The Water-Babies. A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, F.L.S. (Macmillan.)

"RABELAIS laughing in his easy chair" is, or rather has been up to the present date, one of those absurd lines which, by force of their little meaning, are sure to be quoted whenever a dull man wants to break a paragraph. We suspect that the poet who wrote the words (we shall be glad of Volume I. at Mr. Elwin's convenience, but should be sorry to hurry him) knew very little about Rabelais; and, if the latter's writings had been free from something of which Mr. Pope and Dr. Swift and other good and nice men were rather fond, we further suspect that "Pope Alexander" would never have studied our Chinon friend at all. Rabelais never laughed in his easy chair, in the sense which Pope's line is thought to convey. But the theory that the true poet was not called *Vates* for nothing is illustrated by the event. Mr. Kingsley has really made him laugh, albeit vicariously; which is all the more Rabelaisian, for it is in the creed of the Pantagruelists to do nothing for yourself that you can induce another to do. Did not Panurge send a page into the court-yard to swear for him? So Mr. Kingsley, in the person of Rabelais, shall be held to be laugh-

ing for him in that identical easy chair which Mr. Dickinson has inserted into the picture No. 614 of the Academy collection. You may recognise the work, if you do not know the subject, by a fishing-rod in the corner near the window.

But we can imagine the sensation with which sundry persons will find us bracketting the word Rabelais with the title of a book for children. His very name, and that for good and sufficing reasons, is regarded as about as unfit for the parlour (before the ladies have withdrawn) as Dr. Colenso's for a Clapham tea-and-spiritual-improvement evening. There may be here and there a matron who knows that the book is usually kept on a high shelf in the study; and there may be even one, perhaps, who has glanced at it when her lord happened to have taken it down and left it on his desk. The lady saw what she described to him, in strict confidence, as a lot of jargon, and some very profane expressions; but she did not turn a single page. Rabelais with a child! Rabelais as an educator, even in a playful way! Well, it must be admitted that his testimonials may require looking into; but how does this read? Rabelais has described a prince brought up in self-indulgence, ignorance, slovenliness, and wilfulness, and proposes to repress him. He begins by trying to excite a sense of shame.

At night, at supper, the said Des Marays brought in a young page of his, called Eudemon, so neat, so trim, so handsome in his apparel, so spruce, with his hair in so good order, and so sweet and comely in his behaviour, that he had the resemblance of a little angel more than of a human creature. . . . Grangousier commanded the page to begin. Then Eudemon, asking leave of his master so to do, with his cap in his hand, a clear and open countenance, beautiful and ruddy lips, his eyes steady, and his looks fixed upon Prince Gargantua, with a youthful modesty, standing straight up on his feet, began very gracefully to commend him, first for his virtue and good manners, &c. . . . and finally most sweetly exhorted him to reverence his father.

The immediate result of the experiment was not satisfactory, inasmuch as the young gentleman to whom the lecture was addressed proceeded to "cry like a cow," and there is some strength of illustration in the means his biographer takes to assure us of the inability of his friends to get him to speak; but we have extracted the passage, not for the story, but in proof that the writer might have been trusted with a boy's education, and knew a gentleman's points. Was it this bit, or another, or a general and instinctive Pantagruelianism that made Mr. Kingsley resolve to purify some Rabelaisian humour, and inoculate his fairies therewith?

For this is a fairy-story, in the strictest sense of the word. After it, and its hero, Tom, have been introduced in some of Mr. Kingsley's close, clever, healthy description of country life, low and high, Tom, and we, and all the other good children to whom the book is dedicated, plunge into the Impossibilities, which are nothing of the kind to any of us. We say—have a double right to say—plunge, because it is into the water we are invited to follow our leader; and we soon feel a pleasant amphibiousness, not at all like that of the showman's animal in the song. (Here we may interpolate a note of the fact that, though Mr. Kingsley by no means troubles us with any muscular Christianity—what has a water-baby to do with any muscles, except bivalves?—a notion comes strongly upon us that he would prescribe a jolly plunge and swim as a remedy for sundry and various grim doubts upon sundry and various grave matters. We are inclined to believe that he is not altogether of a different mind from Duncan Knockdunder in the "Heart of Midlothian." "Scruples! if any of them dare to have scruples, ye shall see the sincere professor, as ye ca' him, towed at the stern of my boat for a couple of miles. I'll see if the water of the Holy Loch winna wash aff scruples as well as fleas." We fancy that he would send the theological leper to go down and bathe seven times in any convenient stream, and then come with

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a clean skin and steady nerves to discuss supralapsarianism, if still so disposed, with his pastor. But this, by-the-by; and let none complain of digression in a notice of a Rabelaisian book.) We had said that this is a fairy-story. It is emphatically so; and therein, for the present, lieth its hold upon the children; and to the tenacity of that hold, and also to the grudge they entertain against the author for bringing his tale to an end "so soon," we are in a position to testify from experimental observation. The appreciation of the Rabelaisian wisdom will come later; meantime, there is no want of delight in the Rabelaisian fun, its preternatural exaggerations and even more preternatural pretence at accuracy of detail, its reckless backhanders, and its rollicking unceremoniousness. But the fairy part of the book is even more welcome. We have not had many introductions to the water-folks, except mermaids and that kind of sentimental opera company, and except that all well-educated Irish children (if there are any) know that "the trout and the salmon they play backgammon" in the pleasant waters of Castle Hyde. But Mr. Kingsley, the fisher of men and also of streams, takes his followers into all kinds of aqueous society, select and vulgar, and makes everything that, as Mr. Tennyson says, is "forked, and horned, and soft" speak out for the instruction of its visitors, and say all that it knows into the bargain. The children, whose imagination has ever delighted strangely in the waters and their secrets, are enchanted, and swim after Master Tom in shoals, and demand why his travels had need to come to an end when there was the Kraken to be visited, and the awful Maelstrom, and the whales, and the coral island manufacturers, and the tunnels under the deep, whereby the volcanoes are joined together. Perhaps they may hear of him again.

We have an idea that when we began to write this notice we intended, or fancied we intended, to try to do some justice to a delightful book. But we speedily abandoned that idea in favour of an attempt to express our own pleasure at seeing the pleasure with which those for whom it was meant read it. We have not profited as we ought to have done by the lessons which taught Tom to get rid of his selfishness and do his duty. Let us make late amends by saying that the "Water-Babies" is a book in which the most wonderful wildness of invention is wedded to the most conscientious observance of nature, and that a young reader is gaining the closest insight into the manners and habits of God's creatures while he is being unconsciously educated up into manliness, truthfulness, and kindness, and that both processes are being carried on while his Rabelais is laughing with him and at him, and teaching and helping him to laugh at all the world, save the wise and the good and the loving. To say, moreover, that with milk for babes Mr. Kingsley has mingled strong meat for those of full years would be to accuse a gentleman of villainous and incongruous cookery, which he would be the first to despise, and to condemn with some affluence of oburgation. But to say that, amid the fun and frolic of a fairy-book, we come, not unfrequently, upon some choice bits of sarcasm, veiled or unveiled, and that the grown-up person who does not enjoy the volume is entitled, for two distinct reasons, to the compassion of the grown-up person who does, is simply to tell the truth. The work is worthy of the large, keen, kindly intellect that has produced it; and Mr. Kingsley's readers—which is, or ought to be, an equivalent phrase for everybody who loves good reading—will accept that testimony in lieu of analytical commendation. Our Rabelais has been laughing wisely in his easy chair; and we may conclude by adapting a sentence from our other Rabelais—a sentence which, in its original form, has long seemed to us a compendious criticism on sensation-novels and some others—"This story is very pleasant," said Gargantua, "because we ought always to have the fear of God before our eyes." S. S.

EIGHT VOLUMES OF VERSE.

The Guardian Angel, and other Poems. By Joseph Verey. (C. H. Clarke.)

Time's Treasure; or, Devout Thoughts for Every Day of the Year, expressed in Verse. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.)

Eiler and Helvig. A Danish Legend. By Mrs. George Lenox-Conyngham. (Chapman and Hall.)

The Painted Window. A Poem. By M. E. Arnold. Second Edition. (Sampson Low and Son.)

Eone; or, Before the Dawn. (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.)

The Last Thane; or, the Great Conspiracy. A National Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Francis Worsley. New Edition, Revised. (Ward and Lock.)

Anglicana; or, England's Mission to the Celt. By J. Birmingham. (Richardson and Son.)

The Ferry Hills. A Poem in Three Cantos. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.)

THERE are, as we calculate, about 200,000 of her Majesty's subjects in the British islands who, at the present moment, are in the habit of writing verses. It is only by some force of genius, aided, perhaps, by favourable circumstances, that any one of the 200,000 can burst out from the rest so as to obtain recognition as a poet. It would be well, and might save disappointment, if every one of the 200,000, while struggling for notice, were to know that there are 199,999 brothers and sisters doing the same thing at the same time. If a poet or poetess, singing in Rutlandshire, and really not singing ill, were to know that the editor to whom certain verses have been sent has at the same time received others from Rutlandshire, and others from Kent, and others from Shropshire, and others from Co. Cork, and others from Clackmannanshire or Caithness,—were to know that there is probably not a vicarage or rectory, or house of above £20 a year rental over the country, whence verse does not emanate, and find its way to the nearest letter-box in search of an editor,—then, unless that poet or poetess were very unreasonable, the "declined with thanks," or the absolute silence by way of response, would hurt the *amour propre* less than they now do. It is because so much poetry is thus editorially suppressed that our present British verse-writers do not know what a numerous body they are. It is but a small percentage of the verse actually written—and not always the best—that gets by any means into print. The rest is like the dead leaves falling in the forest, and enriching or encumbering the ground close about. It is a still smaller proportion of the verse written—and here again not always the best—that takes the higher flight, from magazines and other periodicals, into the shape of books. Hence, notwithstanding that there are just 200,000 writers of verse in Britain, the volumes of verse annually published in Great Britain do not exceed, we should suppose, a few hundreds. But this gives some five or six volumes of verse, at the least, every week for British critics to taste and judge of. Eight volumes of verse, just published, lie on our table at this moment; and we shall say a word, or two about each.

Mr. Joseph Verey's "*Guardian Angel, and other Poems*," is a little volume published in aid of the Polish cause. Only two of the poems, however, have any reference to Poland; all the rest are wholly unpolitical exercises of the pure fancy. There is a certain air of culture and refinement about them. The language and the verse are graceful and careful; the spirit is lightly pensive; and many of the pages may be read with a certain quiet pleasure. On the whole, it seems to us that Mr. Verey is more a master of form than of matter. The chief poem in the volume—"The Guardian Angel"—is a kind of drama, partly in blank verse, partly in well-interwoven rhyme, after the manner of Goethe's "*Faust*," of which poem, indeed—chiefly on account of this use of rhyme in dramatic dialogue—it seems to carry a faint, far-off recollection or aroma. The story is slight. Agnes, a fair and saintly

maiden who has travelled much, is living for a time in the vale of Llanstephan, in North Wales. Adrian, a fine poetic youth, and his sneering and worldly friend Arthur, come into the vale on a visit. Adrian has seen Agnes before, is in love with her, and sees her again so unexpectedly with rapture. But there comes also a certain Oliver, a dark, fated youth, whom Agnes had saved from crime abroad, and who has been seeking for her as his guardian angel. Oliver, in his jealousy, would kill Adrian, but falls from a cliff, and is borne to a cottage, to die after a little while. Such is the thin and vaguely ideal story; any merit that there is in the filling up. There are passages better, both in sentiment and expression, than the following; but it may be quoted as exhibiting a contrast of moods. The scene is Adrian's room, where Adrian and Arthur are seated:—

ARTHUR.

What ails you, man, to-day? Is it the weather,
Or betting on the losing horse? Or can
It just be possible that yon fair maid
Has caught you with a sidelong glance, and made
My ancient college chum look dull and stupid?
I little thought, when we were boys together,
You would have grown so sulky as a man.
The curse of many a hearty chap is Cupid.

ADRIAN.

"When we were boys!" Oh! we were happy then,
Nor gave a thought to any coming care—
Unconscious of the toils and griefs of men,
We cared for naught but mirth and open air.
It was delight and happiness to live,
And scarce the heart could hold its many joys.
How freely did we borrow, lend, or give,
For then we were but boys.

ARTHUR.

Talking of lending,
My governor, confound him, leaves off sending;
Have you a fiver handy? Fork it out.
This makes—how many? Ah! well, never mind,
I don't think we shall disagree about
A bagatelle like that. You're very kind.
And now about our school-days—fire away!
Yes, I remember, we were jolly then.

ADRIAN.

It might be dreaming; but such dreams as they
Can come but once, and sadly I to-day
Think of the parting splendour of each ray.
Life seemed divine, for our own happy feelings
Would have lent magic to the duldest sphere,
And happiness poured forth in endless pealings
To the enchanted ear.

The drama throughout is in equally careful verse, sometimes degenerating into a prosaic line, like the last of these from a speech of Agnes:—

Oh! cruel ties

Of circumstance and wealth, which in a day
Might all be rent asunder. 'Tis no crime
To love him thus; and well I know that he
Would gladly for the moment only rise
Above considerations such as these.

The "*Guardian Angel*" occupies about half the volume; and the remainder consists of brief narrative and lyrical pieces—all, perhaps, showing more skill in form than power in matter.

"*Time's Treasure*," as the rest of the title implies, and as the author distinctly says in his preface, is offered rather as a collection of devout metrical thoughts than as a volume of poems. The author seems to have jotted down in metre, on every day of a whole year, some pious reflection that occurred to him; and the 365 little pieces thus resulting—or rather 366, for he arranges for a leap-year, and gives 29 to February—are offered for the benefit of others, each with a heading to indicate its topic. There is a recollection of George Herbert both in the tone of sentiment and in the varied metres. The thought for the 29th of February may be given as a specimen, as it is likely that for that odd day in leap-year the author's mind would be moved to about its best:—

UNUSUAL DAYS.

There come unusual days, which, on life's plain,
Stand out for memory's gaze; days of rare joy,
Or startling incident, or un hoped gain,
Alas! too oft of more than wonted pain,
Or woe that breaks the heart; such days
destroy

THE READER.

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The sameness of life's course ; and add one more
To the year's units, heaping thence our store
Of good or evil : ne'er can we maintain
The calendar unbroken, but must meet
The change that is corrective : Lord, when
thou

Putt'st in my time a day, as thou dost now,
Unknown in other years, grant, I entreat,
Such grace illumine it, that, whate'er its phase,
It add to holiness, and lengthen praise.

"*Eiler and Helvig: a Danish Legend*," is a very thin, gilt-edged volume of forty pages in the Dryden and Pope couplet, with songs interspersed. The poem is founded on one of Thorpe's "Yule-tide Stories," contained in Bohn's "Antiquarian Library." It opens thus :—

Ere Jutland's states united to obey
A single monarch's undivided sway,
Each its own separate petty king possessed,
And Salling's Alger was of these the best.
In prosperous peace he ruled his people long ;
Nor wronging others nor sustaining wrong ;
Till o'er a neighbouring island came to reign
A lawless chief, whose only thought was gain.
The more he won he strove to win the more ;—
Glob was the inharmionious name he bore.

Among Glob's misdeeds is the conquest of Furland, and the expulsion of Prince Eiler, the king's son of that territory. Eiler finds refuge at the good Alger's court, where he falls in love with Alger's daughter Helvig. But Glob, in course of time, invades Alger's realm too, the rascal ; and things come to that pass that Helvig declares that whoever shall deliver the realm from this enemy shall have her hand. Eiler steals into Glob's camp alone, gets into his tent, finds him sleeping, and stands over him with a dagger. But he can't strike—no! the heroic youth can't strike a sleeping man. So he sticks his dagger close at hand, where Glob will find it when he wakes, and returns to Alger's castle. Glob takes the castle, and all seems over ; but the found dagger has set Glob a-thinking about serious things, and, when he hears that it was the wronged Prince Eiler that had chivalrously spared him, he has a twinge of Christian feeling—

"What, Eiler! is the dagger thine?" cried Glob,

In accents hoarse, with something like a sob.

So he behaves handsomely to all parties. Eiler marries Helvig ; and Mrs. Lenox-Conyngham—whose version of old Scandinavian matters, it will be seen, is somewhat of a modern Belgravian adaptation for ladies—ends her poem thus :—

Such were the sterling Danish types of old ;
And Denmark has not changed the ancient mould.
Still are her daughters beautiful of face—
Noble of heart. Her sons are still a race
Of generous spirit ; simple, brave, and just ;
In friendship loyal ; faithful to all trust ;
Zealous for truth ; and resolute to stand
By Creed and King and Danish Fatherland.

Fair Helvig lived a life of peace and love ;
Adored on earth and favoured from above ;
Her people's idol and her husband's pride.
Thus live—and long—OUR ROYAL DANISH
BRIDE!

The theme and the plan of "*The Painted Window*" are at least novel. In a preface, written in a very rhythmical style of prose, the authoress, after speaking of the ecstasies to which the human soul is subject, tells of an ecstasy which befel her, or at least the ideal poetess whose part she is assuming for the purpose of the volume. "The manner of it was this, the time no matter when, and, for the place, follow me into the cool precincts of a holy temple of the Lord, whose portals wide offered to the passing pilgrim shade and repose for his body from the noonday sun, and for his soul from the glare of the wearying world. I entered and contemplated with holy admiration the beauties that surrounded me ; and, as I gazed intently down a long vista of richly carved columns and expanding arches, pointing upwards, as though to show the way to heaven, my ear was touched by the soft and melting tones of sacred harmony ; the strain it gave was something low and pensive, and the notes went gently murmuring among the many pillars, and answering one another

through the lofty arches, ever in their progress upwards tending, until the fretted roof caught and rang back the sound, as the heart attuned to holiness ever beats heavenward, until its faithful prayer reaches the throne of God, and finds response. And I stood motionless, for every sense was absorbed by that which most could please it: the eye rested on external beauty, the ear caught sounds of sweetest music, and every feeling was soothed by the pure, still atmosphere of the holy place in which I stood ; until the mystery of its influence seemed to enwrap my soul and bind my senses with inertness ; then, by an effort to be free from its thralldom, I turned to depart ; but, in doing so, the Painted Window, unseen till now, burst upon my sight." This Painted Window, it seems, sent forth an ethereal emanation or Spirit which communed with the soul of the ecstatic there present ; nay, seven minor Spirits, each from one of the colours commingled in the glory of the Painted Window, attended the general Spirit of the total window, and communed, each separately, with the soul of the ecstatic ; and the poem consists of the songs or parables of these eight Spirits, or rather such faint recollections of the strange unearthly strains as the earthly memory of the hearer could reproduce. The Song of the Window Spirit—i. e., of the collective Spirit of the total window—is the first and longest ; and is, somewhat disappointingly for a song, in the heroic couplet. It consists of a moralization of the chief religious or Biblical associations with the beauty or glory of various combined colours—to wit, the Rainbow, Joseph's Coat of Many Colours, Aaron's Breast-plate, and the Veil before the Holy of Holies. Then follow the distinct songs of the Spirits of the different colours of the window—the Spirit of the Red, the Spirit of the Purple, the Spirit of the Green, the Spirit of the Blue, the Spirit of the Brown, the Spirit of the Yellow, and the Spirit of the White—each song in a lyrical measure, and each moralizing some Biblical or religious associations which the colour suggests. If, after this description, the reader should be tempted to look into the volume, we can hardly promise him any peculiar intellectual satisfaction. He will find pious, common sentiments discoursed by the Spirits in conventional diction and verse, and sometimes, also, a rhyme like this :—

But never since the day when God in wrath
Let loose the reins of tempest to go forth.

Perhaps the best of the songs is that of the Brown Spirit, which begins thus :—

Small grace has this to charm the eye,
Nought that with brighter tints can vie ;
It does but warn thee thou must die,
To dust return :

It tells of shadows dark and drear,
Of low'ring clouds when storms are near,
Of dusky night that frowns on fear,
With aspect stern.

It points to winter's barren ground,
When not a leaf nor flower is found,
Save autumn's remnants scatter'd round,
Like pleasures past :

It points to many a type of care,
To leafless trees once waving fair,
Whose long-arm'd skeletons stand bare
To every blast.

"*Æone ; or, Before the Dawn*," is also a poem odd in subject. The author, as he tells us in his preface, met on the continent a nobleman—one of the Sidonia sort, we fancy—"who traced his eastern and princely lineage beyond the boundaries of historic record," and who, in his coat-of-arms, bore the singular device of "a female form standing upon a globe, holding the emblems of priestly office, and surrounded by attendant sun and moon and stars." Asking for an explanation of this figure, the author was told that it commemorated a royal priestess of the nobleman's house, "who existed centuries before the Christian era," and who was not only of superhuman beauty, but also of superhuman wisdom, and had attained, notwithstanding the darkness which environed her, to a knowledge of the one true God. Some people are easily satisfied ; and this

vague prehistoric princess so fascinated the fancy of the author that the poem of "*Æone*" is at length the result. It is an imagination of the wise and beautiful princess, and of her tragic fate in proclaiming spiritual truth, "before the dawn," against the dark priestcraft of her time. The vague, prehistoric gloom of the subject characterizes also the treatment. Here is a little specimen-bit :—

At length upon the stifling darkness stole
A sullen light ; that, deepening o'er the whole,
Pervaded the dumb air until o'erhead
The murky pall Destruction's hand had spread,
Now torn and shrunk, through all its yawning
rents
Disclosed th'empyrean, rife with such portents
That hoary seers in anguish turned aside,
Veiling their faces, while they hoarsely cried
That omens ne'er before from augury drawn
Were character'd in that appalling dawn.
It seemed as if in that brief, dreadful night
The skies had fallen to chaos.

This may pass as a description of the poem itself. It is a total disturbance of the elements—darkness above and around, and no comfortable footing beneath.

In "*The Last Thane*" we are on firm footing enough. It is an English Historical Tragedy of the date 1074-5—i. e., eight years after the Norman Conquest. The story is one of a revolt of the Norman barons against King William, during his absence in France, and of the co-operation in their plot, for patriotic reasons, of the great English thane, Waltheof. The drama was composed more than twenty years ago ; has been published before ; and this is a new and revised edition of it, dedicated to the memory of Leigh Hunt, who had read the earlier edition and liked it. The drama is in good stalwart blank verse ; there is a historical reality in the conception and working out, if not much that could be called poetry ; there are the usual elements of strong dramatic effect—love, murder, battle, revenge ; and, in addition to the longer speeches in terse and emphatic language, there is the due proportion of this sort of thing—

WALTHEOF.

And, draining this full goblet, I would pray
Health to the bridal pair, and be their life
Blest 'neath the planet of immortal love.

A BARON.

Death to the royal tyrant !

HEREFORD.

Death !

NORFOLK.

Death !

ALL (except WALTHEOF).

Death !

[Turning down their cups,

In Mr. Birmingham's "*Anglicania ; or, England's Mission to the Celt*," we have also reality enough—the reality of fierce and rough polemical satire. The volume is a metrical blast, in four parts, with statistical and historical prose-notes added, against Protestantism, against English policy at home and all over the earth, and especially against English policy and Anglican missionaryism in Ireland. The satire—which is conceived in the intensest spirit of Irish Roman Catholic patriotism, but apparently by one of those Saxons by descent who have carried their sturdiness over to the Celtic side of the quarrel—runs or plods on in harsh, prosaic, but tolerably robust verse, with here and there an effective sarcasm. We should say the writer had studied Dryden's "*Hind and Panther*" and his "*Religio Laici*." Much is made, of course, of Bossuet's old taunt of the variations of Protestants ; which is revived with especial reference to the new variations in the Church of England at the present day. Our extract, however, for mischief's sake, shall not be from the theological reasoning of the pamphlet, but from a page or two of personal abuse of the present Irish Secretary :—

See where the offspring of a world-famed sire
Would to a like celebrity aspire :
His seeming claim—the child must needs inherit
The parent's genius and each mental merit.

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But higher animals engender mules,
And sons of clever men are often fools.
The father's intellectual estate
Can scarce descend indeed: more elevate
The sons will be, or, else, degenerate.

Well doth our hero's character express
This truth, and by the sign of witlessness:
Ever prepared in Fame's pursuit to run,
Ambition calls and Folly drives him on.

He differs from the wind-vane just in this:
That in his shuffles any *cause* we miss.
Each fault may vex, but let us still not view it
As plotted sin; for he's not equal to it.
Let him be tried where charity arraigns,
And freed of guilt, because absolved of brains.

The last volume on our list, called "*The Ferry Hills*," carries us again into a serener air. The Ferry Hills are certain hills behind North Queensferry on the Firth of Forth, some miles above Edinburgh and on the Fifeshire side of the Forth; and the poet, taking his station in spirit on these hills, or ranging a little from them, first describes the scenery and objects around, connecting them with traditional and historical associations, and then passes into considerations of the moral and social picturesque of the neighbourhood, or the often treated subject of the lights and shadows of Scottish life. The poem is in the Spenserian stanza, and consists of three cantos. In the last canto the Pastor and the Manse are the chief theme. The spirit of the whole, and the amount of merit in the expression, may be inferred from one stanza:—

Oh! weary world,—Oh! weary, weary life,—
Without these rills of blessing; and the ties
That hallow sister, sweetheart, mother, wife!
Rich is that man, if he were only wise,
Who dwells amid the love which kindly eyes
Rain on him day by day! This, this is bliss;
A wealth, which gold or silver never buys;
Count thyself happy, if thy lot be this,
Nor deem thy humble roof, or homely fare, amiss!

And so these eight volumes are off our mind. But there are, we repeat, exactly 200,000 persons in the British Islands at present writing verse, better or worse, and meditating volumes of it. Publishers, beware!

MOOR'S VISIT TO RUSSIA.

A Visit to Russia in the Autumn of 1862. By Henry Moor. (Chapman and Hall.)

THIS "record of a hasty tour in Russia" appeared originally in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and is now reproduced in a separate form. It will, without doubt, find many readers, inasmuch as the events happening in Poland direct a large share of public attention to the tyrannical oppressors of that unhappy country. Mr. Moor writes in a light and somewhat flippant style at times; but he has contrived to produce what is, on the whole, a very readable little volume. For ourselves, we must confess to have been considerably disappointed. The author tells us, in the outset, that he went to Russia in consequence of an invitation to a friend's country-house; and we were in hopes, therefore, that his intention was to tell us what he saw and heard during that visit. He does this certainly to some extent; but has unfortunately left this novel and comparatively little-known path for the old beaten track pursued by the tourist in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Every one has heard of the magnificent edifices of St. Petersburg—the Izaak's Church, the Winter Palace, the Hermitage, &c., &c.; and every traveller, from Jonas Hanway downwards, has made a point of describing the great bell of Moscow. There is, on the contrary, but little knowledge in England of Russian country-life, either in the mansions of the proprietors or the huts of the peasants; and we regret very much that Mr. Moor has not availed himself of such a good opportunity of enlightening his countrymen on these points. The friend to whom our author was paying a visit possessed an estate of 22,000 acres, with a population of 2400, housed in sixteen villages; and he took his guests to one or two of them. The houses were all built of wood; and fires are very common. Some of the houses had

a bucket painted upon them, others a ladder, others an axe, and so on; and the occupiers of the houses were bound to provide the implement represented outside in case of an outbreak of fire. Mr. Moor describes a *fête* which his hostess gave to the peasantry on the estate. We have all of us seen a declaration of love expressed in a *ballet* on the stage; but here was an actual betrothal, managed very much in the same fashion, in real life:—

After the circle-dance had gone on for some time, another smaller one within it was formed, consisting of about fourteen men and women, all supposed to be related one to the other. After a few preliminaries, one of the men advanced, leading out one of the women. After going through several ceremonious steps and figures, he presented her with a handkerchief, kissed her three times, and returned her to her place. This woman was the mother of one of the younger ones in the circle; and, as she had received the handkerchief, and had not objected ostensibly to the kisses, the man was emboldened to lead out the daughter. The couple then went through many steps and captivating figures, now advancing and then bashfully retiring. At last the man dropped the fatal handkerchief which was to decide his lot; and, of course, the girl, like most other girls in all parts of the world, picked it up quickly, and presented it to her future *caro sposo*—whereupon the kissing, that pleasant heart's language of all countries, was very liberally, and this time more ardently, administered to the young lady, who, I must say, received and returned it in a very generous spirit, notwithstanding the publicity of the *locale*. And so the betrothal of this couple was completed.

Mr. Moor received an invitation from the Starosta, or superintendent of the peasants, to drink tea with him; and a large party accepted his hospitality. It was like a visit to a well-to-do English farmer. There were, first, the farm-buildings, cattle, the fields, and the dwelling-house to be inspected; and then came the entertainment. The place of honour under the holy picture—which is to be found in all the rooms of every orthodox Russian house—was assigned to the mistress of the estate, who was one of the party. Our author got on very well with the tea, the cucumbers, the honey, and the bread-and-butter; but he found a wine-glass of neat whisky, in which he had to pledge the Starosta, rather trying at three o'clock in the afternoon. A similar entertainment was given by the major-domo of the house on the occasion of his name-day; at which the ladies were again guests, and the major-domo himself took the head of the table, while his children waited upon him and his visitors. This was a rather more ambitious repast, being furnished with preserved fruits and Crimean wine. Mr. Moor beheld one novelty in peasant-life—an open-air meeting, in which the governor of the province harangued the assembled multitude upon the benefits of the Emperor's emancipation-decree, reminded them of their duties in their new position, exhorted them to have their children taught to read and write, and bade them respect the rights of others as they would have their own rights respected. It is something new for Russian peasants to be talked to in this strain; but they listened attentively, and every now and then gave tokens of assent; and, at the conclusion of the governor's speech, pressed eagerly forward, and asked him several questions with regard to the relationship between the proprietors and themselves. Mr. Moor was very favourably impressed by the Russian peasants, and describes them as being prosperous and happy. But he saw them under very advantageous circumstances—upon the estate of a proprietor who had devoted his whole energies to their improvement, and who was a warm supporter of the emancipation scheme. It will doubtless astonish English people who read the accounts of Russian barbarity in Poland to hear of the "quiet, gentle manners, and innate good breeding" of Russian peasants; but this is a true representation of their character, nevertheless, when they are left to themselves. It is the education and course of training they go through after they join

the army that makes the Russian soldier the barbarian he too often shows himself.

After a long stay at his friend's house, Mr. Moor travelled post to Novgorod Veliki, where he paid a visit to the famous memorial of the thousandth anniversary of Russia erected there, but which was not at that time inaugurated, and consequently remained covered up. He proceeded thence down the river Volchow to Volkoffskaia, where he took the train to Moscow. He saw all that was to be seen in that splendid old city—unique in Europe—and its environs, but appears to have omitted a visit to the famous Troitza Monastery. He then proceeded to the celebrated fair at Nijni-Novgorod; where he was very much struck with the vast variety and quantity of the merchandise brought thither for sale, as well as the great number of persons of all nations under the sun who assemble there to buy and sell. This fair lasts two months from the end of June; and during its continuance the population of Nijni increases from 24,000 to 400,000. Last year's fair was the largest ever known, and the value of the goods brought there for sale was not far short of 9,000,000 sterling. After a few days' stay at Nijni our author travelled to St. Petersburg, without stopping, by rail; and, having thoroughly lionized that city, he returned home by way of Berlin. He was very much pleased with railway travelling in Russia; but he considers the droschky to be the most disagreeable carriage ever invented, and he informs us that he found his wife's crinoline—he is very fond of discursive dissertations upon ladies' dress—very much in the way in these vehicles. He was delighted with the hospitality he met with everywhere; and, being penetrated with admiration for the Russian Emperor and the Russian people generally, he is somewhat inclined to regard the Polish question from a Russian point of view.

To any one who wishes to gain some slight knowledge of the serf-emancipation question, without the particulars of names, dates, &c., we recommend Mr. Moor's third chapter as being in the main accurate and trustworthy. The volume is illustrated with very pretty and faithful delineations of Russian costumes.

TWO MORE OF THOSE NOVELS.

Snowed Up. In Three Volumes. By Mrs. Octavius Freire Owen, author of "*Raised to the Peerage*," "*Heroines of History*," "*Heroines of Domestic Life*," "*Spirit of the Holly*," &c., &c., &c. (Newby.)

Taken upon Trust. By the author of "*Recommended to Mercy*." In Three Volumes. (Tinsley Brothers.)

"LADIES first," as the elegant Arabella Tomkins said, when with her taper fingers she picked the best baked bit of plum-pludding out of her young brother's plate and inserted it between her own lovely lips. "*Snowed Up*" shall therefore have the precedence over its yoke-fellow, which may be by a man; and we will endeavour to find out its claims to public regard, as befits admirers of the fair sex in general, and followers of Miss Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Gaskell in particular. The first qualification of an English novel-writer is, perhaps, that his or her book should be written in grammatical English; and all male authors will confess that the debt we owe to many women-writers for the purity and correctness of their style cannot well be over-estimated. Does, then, Mrs. Owen keep up their reputation? Let the following sentences, out of scores as bad, answer:—

It is needless to say that our proceedings upon this advice caused considerable merriment, *nor that they were not very fair* (i. 70.)

The first in the field on hunting days, and at most other times, with his gun on his shoulder, and followed by a couple of splendid pointers, beating up for game on his own carefully preserved land, no one had any idea of the good and clear sense which the hour or two after dinner occasionally elicited (ii. 25).

A lively fancy is an excellent thing in woman; and this "no one," who is not only

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first in the field after the hounds, but first before his pointers after the birds, and has no idea of the good and clear sense elicited by an hour or two, may be classed among the brilliant conceptions of modern fiction. As another example of imaginative and reflective power, the beginning of one of the tales in the first volume may be quoted:—

"Apartments to Let."

Never do I see this announcement exposed in a window without thinking of the words of a dear old lady, who patronized extensively my childhood, and always termed these little printed cards and papers "signals of distress." The feeling which dictated the remark will find an echo in the mind which even casually inquires into half the causes leading to this simple proffer of equivocal hospitality (p. 195).

The truth is that this book has no sufficient merit to justify its publication, and has sufficient demerit to justify its condemnation. It is a collection of stories of different degrees of rapidity in different styles; attempts at humour, pathos, fine writing, &c., connected together by the old device of snowing-up a company of people (in a nunnery in this instance), and making them talk in a stilted, clumsy way between the intervals of the stories told by each in turn. The best excuse that can be made for the appearance of the book is given in a few lines of it:—

Supper was now concluded. We had dawdled over it to the utmost limits of our attendants' patience, and felt very sanguinary notions towards time. How was it to be killed?

Our advice to the reader is—even if you do want to kill time, go on feeling your sanguinary notions, and do not cool them by dipping into "Snowed up."

We turn to "Taken upon Trust," and find its author—authoress, though, it must be—wondering in a preface whether her book is to be called a Sensation Novel, and describing herself, after some adverse reviews, in the following metaphor, which she acknowledges to be "rather foolish."

There are certain busy spirits floating on the light waves of literature—little harmless "divers," who rise and fall with its undulations; and on them, from time to time, the awfully great guns of the profession turn their tremendous weapons ruthlessly. But restless, quick, and eager—too small a mark, may be, for such a weighty piece of ordnance—the humble atoms of the working world sink down for one short moment beneath the shock, and then rise once more to the surface, unharmed, and ready for their toil again.

Now, as to the title Sensation Novel, we conceive that it may be justly applied to "Taken upon Trust," inasmuch as the plot turns on a deceived girl being accused (though unjustly) of poisoning her betrayer, the husband of her friend. Such facts cause sensations (we need not say of what kind) in a reader's mind, and would, therefore, justify the bestowal of the coveted title on the book, even if a question were raised about it; but no one who has read the novel could possibly raise the question—for the matter is conclusively settled by one scene, in which Lord Clanboyne, in a life-and-death struggle with the Jew, Clavering, will not take his opponent's life, but knocks him into confirmed invalidhood and paralysis with a brass candlestick. Having performed this feat, his lordship takes out his card-case, and says to "the dirty-looking female Cerberus," "in a night-cap of large dimensions and a long flannel dressing-gown":—

"I am Lord Clanboyne. There is my address; and now open the door and let me out, for I am sick of horrors, and cannot draw my breath in this detested place, where crime seems floating in the air, and death is blowing in my nostrils."

Still, there is no positive harm in the book beyond its occasional silliness, and its dabbling in sensation incidents, poisonings, inquests, death-beds, criminal and prostitute life, &c. The writer takes no unhealthy delights in these things; but seems to consider their introduction necessary to make her story interesting. If she would try a quieter "line," there are touches of pathos and of humour in her present production that lead us to think she

would succeed (after three or four years' waiting) in such a new attempt. The reproach of the neglected heir-presumptive to the earldom to his mother is not bad:—

She's taken up with parsons lately, and brings home tracts, and speaks about the devil, and uses wicked words. Mother, you'll come to grief, and bring my auburn 'airs in sorrow to the grave.

We cannot recommend the story to the most anxious inquirer after something new; and we earnestly wish that novel-readers would imitate lovers of poetry, reading only first-rate books, and these over and over again, and so cut off the demand for, and preventing the supply of, the needless trash that every season, nay every week, is brought into the market.

GUDRUN: A SCANDINAVIAN STORY.

Gudrun: a Story of the North Sea, from the Mediæval German. By Emma Letherbrow. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas).

THE whirligig of time will bring round its revenges, harsh or kindly as the case may be. With the skins of flayed Danes still sticking on our church-doors, and the harrows of a thousand Danish warriors on moor and down, we are welcoming a Danish Princess, one day to rule over us, and seizing eagerly on every addition to our knowledge of our old half-fathers, half-foes. From Iceland, Norway, Normandy, and from far away by the old Donau bank, come echoes of Scandinavian song; and, whether it be the fierce tragedy of the Niebelungen Nôt, the tender truthfulness of Njala Saga, or the later and softer Gudrun Lied, we welcome them gladly, for we feel that their heroes were bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; and know, as we feel our faces flush at the wild old trumpet tones, that there is still some true Scandinavian blood speeding through our veins.

The last contribution to our collection of translated Scandinavian literature is by no means the least interesting or important. Though far inferior to the great Niebelungen Epic in sustained energy or tragic interest, the Gudrun Lied ranks high as a dramatic poem, and is full of those firm, simple touches with which the old masters sketched their characters sharply and distinctly as if traced with a flint arrow-head. In its present form the Gudrun Saga belongs to that transition time when the new light of Christianity had just begun to pierce through the dim fogs of Scandinavian mythology. Some of its characters, however, date from a far older time. Possibly, if we took trouble enough, more than one might be traced back from the historical personage to the mythical hero, from the hero to the god, and from the god to those more prominent manifestations of the powers of nature which first struck the child's eyes of the new race—sun, moon, stars, spring with its buds and blossoms, and winter with its fogs and ice. But supposing this trouble taken, the reward, after all, is but a poor one—a mere stripping off of the humanity with which generation after generation has clothed the bare unsympathizing natural phenomenon; a harsh destruction of all human interest. Better to take the old myths as we find them, and enjoy the additional charm bestowed upon them by the admixture of the characters of real history with the misty Scandinavian heroes. Is not the interest of the Niebelungen Nôt marvellously heightened by the introduction of the words and deeds of real men like Attila and Dietrich of Bern, the great Theodoric of Verona, King of the Ostgoths?

There can, however, be no disenchantment in tracing Gudrun herself a little farther back into "the heroic father-ages." On the contrary, a little of the old misty vapour of tradition will heighten her charms. Moreover, it is worth the while, as showing how these old heroes and heroines appear over and over again, clearly connected, but differing widely, as if the poet could only reclothe an old, not entirely create a new, set of characters.

The two great roots (amongst some twenty) of the Niebelungen Nôt are the Volsunger Saga and the Vilkina Saga. The first contains the story of the Niebelungen treasure; and in it we find Gudrun mentioned as the sister of the three kings "who dwelt beside the Rhine," Gunnar (Gunther, from whom come the Clan-Gunn of Sutherland), Hogni (Hagen), and Gudorm. Their mother is Grimhilde; and, like Queen Ute of the Niebelungen Lied, she is answerable for much of the misery which falls upon her house. By means of a magic draught, she makes Sigurd forget Brunhilda and marry Gudrun. By another magic potion, Gudrun is reconciled with the murderers of Sigurd, and induced to marry Atle—the Ette of the Niebelungen Lied, and doubtless the Hun Attila. Attila invites her relatives to the court, with the intention of plundering them. Gudrun, unlike Kriemhild, joins with her brothers and fights amongst their men. Overwhelmed by numbers, all the Burgundians are slain but Gunnar and Hogni. When Attila demands from Gunnar the secret of the Niebelungen treasure, he refuses to reveal it until they have brought him the heart of his brother Hogni. It is done; and Gunnar answers like the Niebelungen Hagen:—

The secret knoweth no one, but I and God alone;

And to thee, thou evil woman, shall it never now be known!

Gunnar is thrown into the serpent-tower, where a viper gnaws its way into his heart and kills him. Gudrun avenges her brother by slaying her children, and making Attila unwittingly eat their roasted hearts and drink their blood. And, lastly, she induces Niflung, the son of Hogni, to murder him.

The Gudrun of the Gudrun Saga is a very different creation from the terrible Gudrun of the Volsunger Saga, and the prevailing tone of the poem is wonderfully softened and subdued. New and old ideas are still struggling together—the nobleness of revenge and the nobleness of forgiveness—but the new have gained the ascendancy. The older men, like Grizzley Wal of Sturm-land, still hold to the old pagan virtue of revenge—persistent, patient, long-waiting revenge; but among the women and the younger men a new light seems to be dawning, the nobler revenge of forgiveness. Gudrun is here a true-hearted true-loving woman, full of kindness and generosity, though not without some fiery sparks of spirit. Even the old she-wolf Gerlinta has so intense a love for her son that, rather than he should be slain in battle, she entreats him to stay within the walls of his burg, whilst she and her maids cast stones and molten lead on the heads of the invaders: unlike the old mothers of the Vikingr, who would rather have seen their sons borne home in the hollow of their shields than skulking behind stone bucklers. All is softened; the kindly woman's heart buds out under the warm rain of the new faith, and the men have felt their influence. Even Hagen, the fierce, brutal, insolent assassin Hagen, is comparatively a civilized being; rules well and wisely in Iceland—better, it would seem, than any one has done since; and, when he is vanquished, takes it like a man, and forgives his conqueror. What a different hero, also, is Horand—the sweet singer who sits in his lonely burg, "where he abode a lonely man, for he loved not the hunt nor the feast, but loved to look on the stars whilst his knights sat drinking in the hall"—from Volker, the cold-hearted, brawling semi-savage, who has nothing to recommend him but his canine fidelity and courage. The old Berserker spirit had died out—the old man-slaying savage who gnawed his shield in his rage till the blood came—

For the lip of the Berserker bleedeth
As he biteth the edge of his shield—

was gone, only to be revived again by some unbearable horror, like the treatment of our women in the Indian mutiny.

Miss Letherbrow has done her work lovingly and faithfully, and her translation will

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take worthy place beside the "Story of the Burnt Njal." Written in pure and simple English, it preserves just enough of the old poetic swing to give it life and vigour; and the delicate touches of character and humour are preserved with the greatest care. The interest never flags from beginning to end; and that interest is so real and human that the story cannot fail to be popular, even with those who merely read it as a novel, and without regard to its valuable pictures of life and manners in the olden time.

CONINGTON'S EDITION OF VIRGIL.

Bibliotheca Classica. P. Vergili Maronis Opera.
With a Commentary by John Conington, M.A.
Vol. II. (Whittaker & Co., and George Bell).

CONSIDERING his position, Professor Conington does not make great pretensions. From the Oxford Professor of Latin we might reasonably expect original contributions to the philology of the language. Or, if every professor cannot be a discoverer, would it be exorbitant to expect that he should at least make himself master of the discoveries of other men, and not remain behind the philology of the age? Yet Professor Conington, without in any way undervaluing what has been done by Lachmann, Ritschl, and others, confesses that till lately he knew nothing of it, and that even now he does not know much. The first volume of his "Virgil" was reviewed by Mr. Munro; who pointed out that the Professor had, to all appearance, not even read the greatest recent work in Latin philology, Lachman's "Lucretius." Upon this the Professor behaved very sensibly. He did not attempt to deny his ignorance; and, indeed, it is no disgrace to any man to know less Latin than Mr. Munro. He says "Mr. Munro is unquestionably right in insisting on the necessity of being awake to the enormous advances that have been made during the last twenty or thirty years in so many branches of Latin criticism and grammar." There cannot be a doubt of it; and so, as we say, the Professor behaved very sensibly in placing himself, as he tells us he did, in the position of a pupil to Mr. Munro, until he should find out the extent of his ignorance. After a few lessons he came to the conclusion that the matter was beyond his reach, and that the wisest course for him—led, as he is, by his tastes, "to the careful study of a very few classical authors rather than to the diffusive reading of a large number—would be to return to his original unpretending method, and to the Latin of thirty years ago."

Too little pretension is a much better thing than too much; and for his immediate purpose the Professor's determination was judicious, if it may seem a little derogatory to the dignity of the high office he holds. As there are, perhaps, few at Oxford who confine themselves more rigidly to classical scholarship than Professor Conington, it is surely a pity that his scholarship should be behind the age. On the other hand, a reform in a thing so time-honoured and so completely an English institution as the Latin grammar should be cautiously and gradually accomplished; and, as the Professor says, he may venture further when the country shall have recovered from the shock of his title—"P. Vergili Maronis Opera." Besides, he is really not so far behind as in the excess of his candour he leads us to suppose. It has, indeed, been known for some years that we should write "cælum" instead of *cælum*, and *scæna* rather than *scena*; yet the people who are surprised by the word "Vergili" will be just as much astonished by these two changes—or, perhaps, more, as the latter seems refuted by the palpable etymology, and the other by a probable one. All novelties of this class Professor Conington admits; and, indeed, the backwardness he acknowledges seems to amount to this, that he has made no independent researches, but contented himself with the opinion of others on all similar questions. As we have mentioned the word *cælum*, we may notice in passing that the Professor has not quite

accurately observed its usage. On *Æn.* B. III., 138, a plague is mentioned, which came on, says the poet, "*corrupto cæli tractu.*" The Professor, in his translation, has "from the whole tainted expanse of the sky." He has not observed that *cælum* is used constantly for "*atmosphere*," without any special reference to the distant part of it, which we call *sky*. This appears not only from the "*Cælum non animum mutant*," &c., but more clearly still from Cic., pro Rose. Am., xxvi.—"*Ita vivunt, dum possunt, ut ducere animam de cælo non queant.*"

This volume contains the first half of the "*Æneid*." It appears to have been the Professor's object to produce a commentary which, without claiming originality, or professing to add anything material to our knowledge of Virgil, shall yet be more than a mere schoolbook. He seems to write for students at college, or perhaps still more for that large class of cultivated men who, without pushing much further their school-studies, retain a kindness for Virgil and Horace, and willingly read whatever appears in English about them. It is for this class especially that the Introductory Essay on the "*Æneid*" seems written; and we think it exceedingly good and interesting. It treats of the poem æsthetically, and considers its character and rank as a work of art. Whatever be the merits of our classical education, one thing is certain—that the amount of power of real appreciation of knowledge of ancient literature it leaves is, in most cases, very small. The beauty of words and phrases, the felicity of single lines, it does make men perceive; but the true æsthetic appreciation of Homer and Virgil is a thing quite as rare among good scholars as among the vulgar. We are, therefore, glad to see Professor Conington recognising the importance of this, and detaining his readers by a careful discussion of the poem as a whole, and the poet as a constructive artist, before he plunges into verbal criticism.

In this Essay, Virgil's relations to Homer, the Attic drama, and Apollonius are defined. His controversy with Homer, his advocacy of the Trojans against the Greeks, is well and clearly shown. We would add that his principal charge against the Greeks—that of treachery and fraud—seems suggested to Virgil by the Greeks of his own day. We trace in the "*Æneid*," in a softened form, that blunt Italian contempt for Grecian suppleness and versatility which puts such fire into Juvenal's Third Satire. Among Virgil's models the Professor does not reckon that Pisander from whom Macrobius tells that the description of the sack of Troy was taken almost word for word; and, in the preface to the second "*Æneid*," he alludes to the story with some contempt. He may be right; but, besides Heyne's "Excursus," he should have read Welcker's discussion of the question in his "*Epic Cycle*." The comparison between Virgil and Apollonius is the Professor's masterpiece. It is admirably just, and admirably written. When he remarks how irrelevant the incidents introduced by Apollonius into his account of the Argonautic voyage are to the main subject of the poem, he touches a very important point. A wandering is a difficult subject for a poet; it is easy enough to make it eventful and romantic, but difficult so to choose the incidents as constantly to remind the reader of the main argument and preserve the unity of the narrative. In Apollonius, says the Professor, no such selection is attempted—"the voyage was part of his poem; it had to be made an eventful one, and incidents are produced accordingly." On the contrary, he remarks, "in the narratives of the '*Odyssey*' and '*Æneid*' everything bears on the fortunes of Ulysses and his crew, or on those of Æneas, regarded as the future founder of the Trojan (Roman?) nation. The voyages are sufficiently diversified; but the object of every event is to illustrate the action of the contending powers whose strife keeps the prince of Ithaca from his home, the chief of Troy from his destined kingdom." This is very true; but there is more. We do not now speak of the "*Odyssey*," but it is worth re-

marking that in the "*Æneid*," the subject of which is the settlement of a new town, pains are taken that the founder at every point of his wandering shall meet with new settlements, new foundations, similar to that which he himself contemplates. The leading characters of this half of the poem are founders of cities—Dido, Acestes, Helenus; and at the end of the wandering we have Evander. Most happily is the whole episode of Dido brought into harmony with the rest of the poem by the reflection of Æneas at the beginning—

O fortunati! quorum jam mœnia surgunt;
and that of Dido at the close—

Urbem præclaram statim; mea mœnia vidi;
as also the episode of Helenus and Andromache by the pathetic "*Vobis parva quies!*" and the episode of the games, which otherwise might have seemed a digression, by the despondency of the matrons, weary of action and motion, and the foundation of the city of Segesta.

Professor Conington differs, as we have said, from previous commentators in regarding the "*Æneid*" more as a whole. Yet there is one most important aspect of the poem which he wholly disregards; and his neglect of it curiously illustrates the limited and circumscribed character of his learning. As he avows himself not to be in the largest sense of the word a philologist, so he takes no pains to conceal his indifference to historical and mythological science. Yet he himself says "Virgil is confessedly one of the most learned of poets; and a commentator who would do him justice ought to be still more learned." He has certainly not attained his own ideal. Historical questions he settles by a hasty reference to Smith's Dictionary. Generally, we may say that, in its relation to previous poems, he knows the "*Æneid*" well—but, in its relation to ancient ethnology and mythology, certainly not. A complete edition of the "*Æneid*" would contain a history of the myth of the migration of Æneas—ethnologically the most remarkable of all myths, and which was current in Greece, it would seem, as early as Stexichorus. It would contain some notice, at least, of that connexion between the religions of Italy and the north-west of Asia Minor of which the "*Æneid*" is so curious a proof; of the *cultus* of the Sibyl (the worship of subterranean murmurs), which was common to both countries; of Ascanius as an object of adoration in Phrygia; of a hundred other similar matters which have been treated with exhaustive learning by Klausen in "*Æneas und die Penaten*," a book of which the Professor seems never to have heard. It is to be hoped, at least, that he will consult Klausen's curious chapter on the Penates before he comments on the eating of the tables in the seventh book.

We have spoken of the Professor's learning as of limited range. An edition of Virgil in three volumes might certainly have been more exhaustive. But, within that limited range, we find the Professor sound, accurate, and judicious. If we have not found anything original, we must remember on what writer he is commenting—on that writer, who, by a strange freak of the would-be infallible critic, Posterity, has in the last 1800 years been probably more studied than any other. But the text is, on the whole, most satisfactorily elucidated, though we have remarked cases where a necessary explanation is omitted. For example, on the two Gates of Sleep the Professor, though he has a long note on the passage, forgets to tell us why true dreams come through a gate of horn, and false ones through a gate of ivory. The passage in the "*Odyssey*" (xix. 562) shows that it is a pun on *ἐλέφας*, ivory, and *ελεφαρομαι*, to deceive; and on *νέπας*, horn, and *νπαίρω*, to perform. On another passage in the same book we do not, indeed, complain of the Editor, for he has merely adopted the received translation; but we must plead for another. At the entrance of Orcus, Virgil assembles a number of monstrous shapes—Mourning, Remorseful Pangs, Diseases, Old Age, Fear, Hunger, the Bad Counsellor,

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Squalid Indigence, Death, and Labour. Then follow, according to the common interpretation, *Sleep*, twin brother of Death, Evil Pleasures, War and Discord. Surely it is rather startling to find sleep in the middle of a long list of evils. That it is superficially like death does not make it a bad thing; and that Homer has classed the two together in the death of Sarpedon does not justify Virgil, for it is done not to make sleep seem a bad thing, but death a good one. Virgil's imitations are, it is true, sometimes servile—but they are generally masterly. Do the words, then, oblige us to this translation? On the contrary, they will hardly bear it. The word *sopor* means *lethargy*, not sleep. So Lucretius—

Interdumque gravi lethargo fertur in altum,
Æternumque soporem oculis nutuque cadenti;
and Pliny, as quoted in the dictionaries, sharply contrasts it with "*somnus—hujus semine somnum allici, sed modum servandum ne sopor fiat.*" It might certainly be used for sleep by a poet in cases where the context explained it; but perhaps not where the context does not—and surely not where the context makes it inexplicable. We would explain the passage, Trance, or, perhaps, Apoplexy, that can scarcely be distinguished from death. S.

PHILLIPPS'S JURISPRUDENCE.

Jurisprudence. By C. S. M. Phillipps. (Murray.)

MR. AUSTEN found it difficult during his lifetime to sell one edition of the greatest work on jurisprudence which has been produced during the last thirty years. The tide of fashion has turned; and Mr. Phillipps is likely to find a large circulation for an essay which cannot honestly be said to deserve high commendation. He, at any rate, anticipates popularity, and is firmly convinced "that the study of jurisprudence may be made one of the most delightful to which the human mind can apply itself." Experience, he argues, proves his hopes not to be chimerical, "for every doubtful question of right is found to excite the keenest interest in every society of educated men. Was Scott justified in denying the authorship of 'Waverley'? Was Phillipps justified in defending Courvoisier? Was Garibaldi justified in his descent upon Italy? These questions have everywhere been standing subjects of discussion." These sentences reveal the aim with which Mr. Phillipps writes, and give a foretaste of the faults which mar his whole performance. To attempt to make what is meant for a scientific treatise "popular," is to commit a fundamental mistake. Even intelligent children dread the volumes in which learning is made easy; and ordinary readers, if they read law at all, prefer the dry clear statements of a writer like Mr. Austen to the wearisome vagueness and flippancy which characterize the works of teachers who take great pains to write down to the public capacity. But, even if Mr. Phillipps be right in his attempt to make law popular, he is certainly not happy in the arguments by which he shows that his endeavour is likely to be successful. Men of all classes talked about the authorship of "Waverley" or the acts of Garibaldi, because men of every kind delight in gossip. To infer from this that they are certain to take an interest in dry legal problems is as absurd as to conceive that, because maids of all work read with avidity the details of an execution, the same ladies would delight in studying arguments on the abstract propriety of capital punishment. Happily, Mr. Phillipps has not been altogether true to his own theory; and, as he has fortunately written many pages which will never, we hasten to assure him, be considered light reading, he has discussed some questions and expressed some opinions which have real interest and deserve examination. Jurisprudence means with him "the classification of the principles of law;" and he believes that they may be arranged in accordance with the rules of "natural justice." Any student moderately versed in the controversies of legal science will, from the moment he

learns that Mr. Phillipps believes "in the existence and the utility of that moral principle which is commonly termed natural justice," anticipate the discussions into which Mr. Phillipps enters, and what is the side he takes in the everlasting dispute between Utilitarians and their opponents. His essay might well be treated from various other points of view; but in no aspect is it more curious than as an attempt, though not consistently carried out, to arrange the principles of law on another basis than on the principle of utility. When Mr. Austen wished to establish that the principle of general expediency was the true standard to which jurisprudence ought to conform, he did not think it too much to devote a considerable portion of his only complete work to establish his thesis. Mr. Phillipps appears to fancy that two or three pages are sufficient to dispose of views held by the greatest masters of legal science. The Utilitarian theory affords, he asserts, "no rule for doing justice between individuals where there is no society which has any concern in the matter." This assertion might itself be disputed; but, though important as regards the question whether utility ought to be the ruling principle of ethics, it is totally irrelevant as regards its use as a standard for jurisprudence, since law only exists where society has existence; and Mr. Phillipps, when he concedes that the Utilitarian principle "goes far enough for all purposes of civilized legislation," appears to grant all that it is of consequence for jurists to claim. He, however, further maintains that the Utilitarian hypothesis fails in this, that it "supplies" no rule by which the mutual rights of independent states can be satisfactorily determined. This assertion appears to us not only not true, but the very reverse of truth. There are considerable difficulties in applying the canons of Utilitarianism to questions of individual duty. International relations can be decided by no other test than the standard set up by Bentham. The limits to the right of one nation to intervene in the affairs of another, the claims of neutrals, or the privileges of belligerents, in so far as they are regulated at all by international law, are tested by the principle of general utility; and no extension of the laws which govern the mutual relations of nations will ever be made except with a view to the real or supposed advantage of mankind. Mr. Phillipps, having attacked—and, as he deems, disposed of—the theories of avowed Utilitarians, next assaults a school which gives great indirect aid to Utilitarian theorists, and which opposes with immense success all the speculations which assume the existence of natural law. Historical lawyers, such as Mr. Maine, do not concern themselves directly with the questions at issue between Mr. Phillipps and the disciples of Bentham; but, pursuing their own course and their own investigations, they prove that the so-called state of nature is a philosophical fiction—that moral and legal notions, which now appear to have the fixity and certainty of innate ideas, grew up by slow degrees, and are the fruit of a long course of gradual civilization and progress; and that so-called natural law is of a much later growth than the conventional usages by which it is theoretically supposed to have been corrupted. Mr. Phillipps admits withal the actual facts brought forward by enquirers into the history of law; but he opposes the inferences which they draw from the data they have discovered. His first plea is, in effect, that archaic law is no fair test of ancient morality—that Lycurgus, for instance, fully felt the vices of the Spartan polity, but was forced by circumstances to erect a constitution repugnant to his moral feelings. It takes but slight study to shew that this plea is futile. A nation's law is, though not a certain, yet the fairest test of a nation's moral feelings. Laws, it is true, often long survive the existence of the sentiments by which they were originally sanctioned; but that custom and sentiment at one time agreed will hardly be disputed by any historical

enquirer. The fictions, indeed, by which harsh laws have gradually been modified shew, as Mr. Phillipps himself points out, the strong hold which law and custom had in early times on the moral feelings of the people they ruled. His next argument is even more unsound. He maintains, if we understand him rightly, that the moral feelings of men do not, as a matter of fact, differ—that, though some men and nations have held the assassination of tyrants to be a virtue, whilst modern sentiment inclines to hold it a crime, still those who applauded and those who condemned agreed that assassination was generally a crime, and disagreed only as to whether it might or might not be made a rightful act by what Mr. Phillipps terms a "moral miracle;" by which he means a divine revelation that ordinary moral instinct should be disregarded. We shall be content ourselves to stake the question whether the moral feelings of different ages are not essentially different, on the result of a comparison between the feelings of the Athenians towards Harmodius and Aristogeiton and the sentiments maintained by ordinary Englishmen towards Milano or Orsini. Mr. Phillipps, in fact, surrenders to the historical theorists whom he attacks, when he explains that by a state of nature he means "the state in which the natural faculties of human beings are most fully developed." Mr. Maine himself would not ask a greater concession; for, if a state of nature be thus defined, it is a condition varying with every step of civilization, and the law of nature which depends upon it is in fact nothing but the expression of the highest moral feelings within a given epoch.

Mr. Phillipps, after assaulting the position of his opponents, embodies his own doctrine in the following formula:—"That every question of right which can possibly arise depends upon the application of the rule that every man is entitled to enjoy whatever benefits the will of Providence or the exercise of his natural faculties may confer upon him." Readers are naturally startled by a proposition which, taken in its natural sense, proclaims that every pickpocket has a right to every purse he can lay hands on. He has got it by the exercise of his natural faculties; and, since Providence did not hinder the acquisition, he can plead the sanction of its will. It would be interesting to know how the author of this rule would apply it to the solution of actual questions of right. Unhappily, having propounded his canon, he at once throws it aside, and intimates that, for the sake of convenience, he shall make the basis of his reasoning the standard of right and wrong usually recognised by educated Englishmen. His adoption of this course saves him much trouble; but it also deprives his book of interest. Every custom which ordinary English feeling approves is treated as a law of nature; and, if by this means the popularity of Mr. Phillipps's book is increased, its value to the speculative lawyer is rendered very slight, except through the curious confirmation which it affords to the doctrine that the law of nature means in effect that law which any given man or society happens to sanction by approval.

NOTICES.

Lectures on the History of England. By William Longman. Lecture Fifth, comprising the Reign of Edward the Second (A.D. 1307 to A.D. 1327). Delivered in an abridged form at Chorleywood, at Christmas, 1862. (Longman & Co.)—In this, the fifth of his course of Lectures, Mr. Longman sketches the character and the reign of the degenerate son of the great Edward the First; gives an account of the stand made against him by the barons and the rest of his subjects, disgusted by the conduct into which he was led by his favourites, Gaveston and the Despencers; and follows him to his tragic end. Among the collateral subjects of interest in the reign are the persecution and overthrow of the Knights Templars in England, and the gradual establishment of the independence of Scotland by Robert Bruce. To this subject of the triumph of Bruce Mr. Longman devotes some space; and the chief illustrations of

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the lecture, as now published, are a map of Scotland in the fourteenth century, and a plan of the battle of Bannockburn. The five Lectures, thus concluded, are now published together in a handsome octavo volume, under the title of *Lectures on the History of England*: By William Longman: Vol. I. (Lectures I.—V.), From the Earliest Times to the Death of Edward II.—a title from which we infer that in subsequent volumes Mr. Longman may continue his narration of English History beyond the point he has now reached. In the preface to the volume he gives an account of the circumstances that led to his preparation of the Lectures. A Society for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes had been formed in 1855 in the small village of Chorleywood, in Hertfordshire, the population of which is almost entirely agricultural. Taking an interest in this society, Mr. Longman delivered one of the course of monthly lectures which was arranged for it during the winter of 1857—the subject of the lecture being Switzerland. He was then requested by the incumbent of the district to undertake a series of lectures on the History of England; and “in an easy moment,” he says, he did so—little thinking what trouble the promise would cost him. He mentions these circumstances to account for the method of the lectures, and for the “plain and simple language” used in them. He makes also these good-humoured remarks on the fact that he, a publisher, has thus appeared as an author:—“Independently of a natural feeling, akin to jealousy, which either author or publisher must feel if one or the other attempt to combine the two vocations, it is clear that they cannot, as a general principle, be united with advantage. I trust, however, that authors will forgive me, and not revenge themselves by turning publishers. There is, nevertheless, some advantage in a publisher dabbling in literature, for it shows him the difficulties with which an author has to contend—the labour which is indispensable to produce a work which may be relied on—and it increases the sympathy which should, and which in these days does, exist between author and publisher.” We ought to mention that at the end of Lecture V. is a copious index to the entire volume.

The Politics of Christianity. Reprinted from the “Nonconformist,” 1847-1848. By Edward Miall. (A. Miall. Pp. 190.)—THE volume consists of twenty-six articles which originally appeared in Mr. Miall's newspaper in the years named. The subjects are such as these—“Primary Object of Government;” “Man above Property;” “State-Education;” “Functions of Civil Government;” “Capital Punishments;” “Colonial Government;” “Foreign Relations: War;” “International Intercourse: Diplomacy.” The general tenor of Mr. Miall's views on these subjects is pretty well known; but the following sentences from his preface express the essence of their intention. “It is questionable whether the nation gains anything to speak of by discarding the deepest of all truths from the province of Government. It is curious, too, that precisely that portion of the public which would sneer at the notion of founding their politics upon the principles of the New Testament, insist upon the necessity of giving effect to the religion of the New Testament by political agencies and arrangements. The spiritual must not pretend to govern the political, but, in all its external affairs, must be governed by it—a rather startling inversion of the natural order of things. The papers comprised in this volume were written to suggest that the natural order of things may, after all, have something not entirely unreasonable said in its behalf.”

London Scenes and London People: Anecdotes, Reminiscences, and Sketches of Places, Personages, Events, Customs, and Curiosities of London City, Past and Present. By “Aleph.” (London: W. H. Collingridge. Pp. 362.)—THE writer, who signs himself “Aleph,” has been in the habit of contributing papers of gossip about the antiquities, customs, and traditions of London to the *City Press* newspaper, in whose columns they have been much read; and the present volume is a selection from those papers. It is full of pleasant tit-bits of information about streets, buildings, memorable London men, &c., &c., and is illustrated by nice clear cuts; and altogether it is the sort of book over which to while away an after-dinner hour or two. For the antiquarian and historian the indispensable book about London is Mr. Peter Cunningham's *Hand-Book*—a rich mass of minute, alphabetically-compacted information about every London street or locality possessing any antiquities or historical associations. “Aleph,” we should think, has been indebted to this *Hand-Book*, though he seems to have drawn his matter from all sorts of places, and partly from his own memory.

The House of Scindea: a Sketch. By John Hope, late Superintending-Surgeon of Scindea's Contingent, and Surgeon to the Court of Gwalior. (Longmans. Pp. 108.)—THIS is a severe criticism on the past policy of British rule in India, and more particularly on Lord Ellenborough's Indian government, in the form of a sketch of the history of one house of native Indian princes, and their relations with the British. The book is written in a tart, lively, slap-dash manner, but yet not so as to convey to the general reader any very clear, coherent story, which the imagination can follow with interest—a feat of which few writers on Indian subjects since Macaulay have been capable. The volume may be called an illustrated sermon against the policy of annexation, as pursued by most governors-general of India hitherto, and, with some exceptions, by their servants, the residents at native courts. But, throughout, there is a bitter spirit against the British Indian rule in general, and a protest that those persons who fancy that rule just, or that it is not really detested by the 180 millions subject to it, are under a delusion.

AMONG theological publications of the week we have to note a fourth edition, revised, of the Rev. William H. Hoare's *Letter to Bishop Colenso*, printed along with a second edition, also revised, of the same author's *Treatise on the Age and Authorship of the Pentateuch*, in reply to Part II. of Bishop Colenso's work. (Rivingtons. Pp. 160.) Mr. Hoare is one of the opponents of Colenso that have won most respect by their manner and their matter. We have to note also a second English edition of the American Horace Bushnell's *God in Christ: Three Discourses delivered at New Haven, Cambridge, and Andover; with a Preliminary Dissertation on Language.* (Trübner & Co. Pp. 330.) Many persons by this time are aware of the peculiar modification of orthodox views associated with the name of Mr. Bushnell, and of the nature of the movement which he represents, consistently with these views, for “the reduction of dogma” in the Church. Here is the title of another book which the Colenso controversy has elicited: *What is Faith? A Reply to Dr. Baylee's Challenge to Dr. Colenso. A Letter addressed to the Rev. Joseph Baylee, D.D., St. Aidan's College, and to all Theologians and Divines, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant.* By A. B., a Layman. (Hardwicke. Pp. 246.) The Layman, though he addresses Dr. Baylee, rushes into the theological arena as a general challenger of all, in this strange fashion:—“The author of this letter or challenge maintains that Truth cannot be incomprehensible, and that it is as absurd to say that revealed Truth, or God's Word itself, is incomprehensible, as it would be to say that light does not enlighten. . . .

Further, the author insists, after having spent many years in studying the Scriptures and the theology to be deduced from them, that the mysteries of revealed religion are not only not incomprehensible, but are positively simple and easy to be understood. . . . Moreover, the author declares positively that he perfectly understands all the mysteries of revealed religion, and can demonstrate them as he could so many mathematical propositions, and show, and make others also understand, that if God is God (who is eternal and unchangeable, and whose Truth is therefore eternal and unchangeable), so those things must be which have been revealed to us, and which are as eternally true and self-evident as the axiom that ‘a whole is greater than a part.’ He declares that there is not one mystery hidden from him, and that he knows many which are not alluded to in the Scriptures, and which if the Apostles knew they have not mentioned. . . . The author also explains clearly how true faith perished, and how the knowledge of God which the Apostles and first Christians had, was lost in the very infancy of the Church; and how the Roman Church had its origin in unbelief and ignorance, and was established on the ruin of the Gospel, which it has ever since trampled under foot; and how all this was owing to the fatal mistake of confounding belief on the word of the Apostles, and on external testimony, with faith of the Word of God. . . . Finally, he challenges Dr. Baylee, and, in his name, all the archbishops, and bishops, and divines, and theologians in the Christian world, of all sects and denominations, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, to controvert his propositions, and defies them to show, either according to reason or Scripture, that revealed Truth, or Truth of any kind, is incomprehensible, or that God expects men to believe without understanding, and is pleased with their servility, in declaring things to be true which they do not know to be true. . . . These ideas, it will be admitted, are at least novel and startling, and the author ventures to say that,

when they come to be examined, it will be found impossible to deny their truth. At all events, the question is now fairly raised, and cannot be blinked or set aside, but must be fairly met and answered. If the author of this bold challenge is right, then it follows that for nearly 2000 years the world has been mistaking unbelief for faith, and, instead of believing on Christ, has been deceived by Antichrist. The reason why the Gospel has not regenerated mankind would be thus fully explained and accounted for.” From these passages the reader will form a sufficient preliminary idea of the book, and will see what a breaking-up of the fountains of the great deeps of excited inanity the Colenso controversy has caused in some minds. Two devotional works, between which there is a remarkable contrast, may be included in this paragraph. The one is *The Divine Liturgy: a Manual of Devotions for the Sacrament of the Altar: from Ancient Sources.* Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. (Joseph Masters. Second Thousand. Pp. 290.) High-Church ceremonialism seems to be carried to its extreme in this manual; as may be inferred from the directions given in the preface for the manner of reception of the Sacrament:—“The ancient Manner of Reception, which was certainly not modern in the time of S. Cyril of Jerusalem, and which the Rubric directs us to follow, was to receive into the hand, that is, into the palm of the hand, and not into the fingers. The danger of accident, which, in the latter case is imminent, is entirely obviated in the former. S. Cyril's Instructions to those preparing for Communion, in his day, were to make a throne of the left hand, by crossing it under the other, in order to receive into the right hand, the Sacred BODY of the LORD JESUS. In receiving the CHALICE, it is well to have some decided mode of Reception—either not to touch it at all; or to guide the Cup with one hand; or, as the better plan, to receive it into both; but great danger attends the habit of suddenly seizing or letting go the Chalice, specially when it is nearly full, or of wavering between taking and not taking it into the hand, or of prostration (or rising again) immediately before or after Reception, at least, until the Priest is communicating another. It also renders the process of administering one of great difficulty and of much danger, if persons bend forward and lower the head for Reception—to what extent, is only known to those who minister at the Holy Altar. If persons would only kneel on the step prepared for them, and would only receive, as the early Christians are believed to have received their Divine LORD, motionless and upright, all who worship, and those who serve would equally benefit.” The other is *The Book of Bible Prayers*: By John B. Marsh, Manchester (Simpkin and Marshall; Manchester: Heywood. Pp. 57) is, as we have said, very different from Mr. Shipley's Liturgy. It is simply a collection of all the Prayers recorded in the Bible, with a short introduction to each. Thus (the Psalms being omitted as essentially a book of devotions throughout), we have for Genesis, a prayer of Melchizedek, one of Abraham, two of Eliezer, and one of Jacob; and so on through all the Old and New Testaments. The compiler is a layman, and dedicates the collection to his pastor.

Elementary Hydrostatics. By W. H. Besant, M.A., Lecturer and late Fellow of St. John's College, and Examiner in the University of London. (Cambridge: Deighton and Bell. Pp. 224.)—THE author has “endeavoured to place before the student a complete series of those propositions in Hydrostatics the solution of which can be effected without the aid of the Differential Calculus, and to illustrate the theory by the description of many hydrostatic instruments, and by the insertion of a large number of examples and problems.” He has had in view the preparation necessary for the first three days of the examination for the mathematical tripos at Cambridge, and also for some of the examinations of the London University.

Hints on Self-help. A Book for Young Women. By Jessie Boucherett. (Partridge. Pp. 156.)—It is the object of this little work to “convey instruction to young women on the conditions of industrial success.” The advice is chiefly practical, with an absence of attempts at fine writing. There are strong recommendations to girls not to become governesses, but “to learn their father's trade,” be it that of tailor, cook, or hairdresser. To rise higher in the social scale, “a poor solicitor might teach his daughter to copy law-papers, and set her up as a law-stationer at a very small expense,” and “a poor surgeon might send his daughter to be trained at some Lying-in-Hospital, and afterwards recommend her to his patients.”

THE READER.

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Play-time with the Poets. A Selection of the best English Poetry for the Use of Children. By a Lady. (Longman. Pp. 390.)—THROUGHOUT this handsome little quarto the principle is kept in view that, to please children, two things are essential in poetry—action or incident; and great simplicity and power of language. These views have been strictly adhered to in selecting the 160 pieces which, in progressive series, lead from the simpler to the more complicated forms of poetry.

Six Weeks in Ireland. By a Templar. (Emily Faithfull. Pp. 171.)—A poor account of the "Isle of the Saints," for which the author apologizes by the statement that it was "written almost entirely from memory."

A New Method of Studying Foreign Languages. By Dr. Edw. Pick. (Trübner. Pp. 211.)—*The Complete French Class-Book.* By Alfred Havet. New Edition. (Allan. Pp. 395.)—DR. PICK'S "new method" is by this time tolerably well known. The object of the present work is to smooth down some of the difficulties in French grammar, particularly the gender of substantives, and the irregular verbs. M. Havet's French Class-Book follows the plan of the old grammars—brimful of rules, accidence, and syntax.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

"ABLE TO SAVE;" or, Encouragements to Patient Waiting. By the Author of "The Pathway of Promise." Fcap. 8vo., pp. viii—280. *Strahan.* 2s. 6d.

ANSTED (David Thomas, M.A.) Great Stone Book of Nature. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., pp. xvii—309. *Macmillan.* 5s.

ARROWS IN THE DARK. By the Author of "Said and Done." Post 8vo., pp. 367. *Smith, Elder, & Co.* 10s. 6d.

AUDSLEY (W. & G.) Taste versus Fashionable Colours. pp. 51. *Longman.*

BALFOUR AND SADLER. Flora of Edinburgh, being a List of Plants found in the vicinity of Edinburgh. By John Hutton Balfour, M.A., M.D. Assisted by John Sadler, F.R.P.S. With Map. Fcap. 8vo., pp. vii—174. *Edinburgh: Black.* 3s. 6d.

BANKS'S STAIRCASING AND HANDRAILING upon entirely new Principles. In Three Volumes. Revised, &c., by Joseph Galpin. 4to. *Whittaker.* Each 14s.

BECHSTEIN (J. M., M.D.) Natural History of Cage Birds; their Management, Habits, Food, Diseases, Treatment, Breeding, and the Methods of catching them. With Illustrations. New Edition. 12mo., pp. vi—311. *Groombridge.* 3s. 6d.

BELL (Andrew). History of Feudalism, British and Continental. A New Edition, with examination questions and introductory essay. By Cyrus R. Edmonds. Post 8vo., pp. xvi—360. *Longman.* 5s. 6d.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS, illustrated by maps, plans, and views. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo., pp. 393. *Edinburgh: Black.* 3s. 6d.

BIBLE. The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, literally and idiomatically translated out of the Original Languages. By Robert Young. Cr. 8vo., pp. 794. *Fullarton.* 11s.

BROWN (George J., M.A.) Lectures on the Gospel according to St. John, forming a continuous Commentary. Two Volumes. 8vo., pp. xx—1013. *Oxford: Hammans, Rivingtons.* 24s.

BRUCE (Rev. John). Death on the Pale Horse. Second Edition, with Additions. Fcap. 8vo. *Liverpool: Marples, Hamilton.* 3s. 6d.

BRYDIE (M.) Tableaux from Geology, Sonnet-Stanza Sketches and other Poems. 12mo. *Hardwicke.* 5s.

BURTON (John Hill). The Book-Hunter, &c. Second Edition. Sm. post 8vo., hf.-bd., pp. viii—408. *Blackwoods.* 7s. 6d.

CHELTNAM (Charles Smith). Field-full of Wonders. With Illustrations. (Routledge's Books for the Country.) Fcap. 8vo., bds., pp. viii—152. *Routledge.* 1s.

CLARKE (L. Lane). Objects for the Microscope: being a popular description of the most instructive and beautiful subjects for exhibition. Second Edition. Sm. post 8vo., pp. xv—248. *Groombridge.* 3s. 6d.

COX (Homersham, M.A.) Institutions of the English Government. 8vo. *Sweet.* 24s.

CUMMING (Rev. John, D.D., F.R.S.E.) Moses Right, and Bishop Colenso Wrong; being Popular Lectures in reply to the First and Second Parts of "Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch." Fcap. 8vo., pp. iv—380. *J. F. Shaw.* 3s. 6d.

DONALDSON (Joseph). Eventful Life of a Soldier. New Edition. With Portrait. Fcap. 8vo., pp. viii—335. *Griffin.* 4s.

DYING COMMAND OF CHRIST (The); or, the Duty of Believers to celebrate weekly the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. By the Author of "God is Love," &c., &c. Fcap. 8vo., pp. xii—136. *Virtue.* 2s. 6d.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY CALENDAR (The) for the year 1863—64. Fcap. 8vo., stiff cover, pp. 158. *Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Stewart.* 2s.

ESQUIROS (Alphonse). The Dutch at Home. Essays from the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Second Edition. In One Volume. Post 8vo., pp. xvi—448. *Chapman and Hall.* 9s.

ENGLISH (W. W., M.A.) Man considered in respect of Freedom, Dependence, and a State of Probation. Cr. 8vo. *Rivingtons.* 2s.

EVANS (Rev. James Harington, M.A.) Sermons. From the Original Notes. Edited by his Widow. Cr. 8vo., pp. xii—283. *Nisbet.* 5s.

FAMILY HERALD (The); a Domestic Magazine of Useful Information and Amusement. Vol. XX. May, 1862—April 1863. 4to., pp. viii—832. *Blake.* 7s. 6d.

FARM HOMESTEADS (The) of England. Part I. Imp. 4to., sd. *Chapman and Hall.* 5s.

FERRY HILLS (The). A Poem, in Three Cantos. Fcap. 8vo., pp. 116. *Edmonston and Douglas.* 2s. 6d.

FISCHEL (Dr. Edward.) English Constitution. Translated from the Second German Edition, by Richard Jenery Shee. 8vo., pp. xii—592. *Bosworth and Harrison.* 14s.

FOUQUE'S SINTRAM. New Edition. Post 8vo., pp. 192. *Williams and Norgate.* 3s.

FULLER (Henry Wm., M.D.) On Diseases of the Heart and Great Vessels: their Pathology, Physical Diagnosis, Symptoms, and Treatment. 8vo., pp. viii—247. *Churchill.* 7s. 6d.

FUNERAL SERVICES (The) on Occasion of the Death of the Rev. William Crook. Cr. 8vo. *Dublin Book Society.* 2s. 6d.

GRAVES (Robert James, F.R.S.) Studies in Physiology and Medicine. Edited by William Stokes. With Portrait. 8vo., pp. lxxxiii—428. *Churchill.* 14s.

GRAY (Dr. J. E., F.R.S.) New and Complete Set of Postage-Stamp Album Titles, geographically arranged. 16mo., sd. *Marlborough.* 1s. 6d.

GROSART (Rev. Alexander Balloch). Small Sins. Second Edition. 18mo., pp. 114. *Nisbet.* 1s. 6d.

HAERNE (Canon de.) The American Question. Translated by T. Ray. 8vo., sd., pp. 114. *Ridgway.*

HAMILTON (James, D.D., F.L.S.) A Morning beside the Lake of Galilee. New Edition. 18mo., pp. vi—152. *Nisbet.* 1s. 6d.

HAUGHTON (Rev. Samuel, M.D.) Outlines of a New Theory of Muscular Action. Cr. 8vo. *Williams and Norgate.* 1s. 6d.

HOARE (Wm. H.) Letter to Bishop Colenso. Fourth Edition, revised. Together with a Treatise upon the Age and Authorship of the Pentateuch. Second Edition. 8vo., sd., pp. 159. *Rivingtons.* 2s. 6d.

KENNETH; or, the Rear-Guard of the Grand Army. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," &c., &c. Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo., pp. 341. *J. H. and J. Parker.* 5s.

KINGLAKE (Mr.) and the Quarterlies. By an Old Reviewer. 8vo., sd., pp. 72. *Harrison.* 1s.

KINGSLEY (Rev. Charles). The Water-Babies: a Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby. With Two Illustrations, by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A. Sm. 4to., pp. 350. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

LAMB (Mrs. Joseph). "It isn't Right;" or, Frank Johnson's Reason. With Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., pp. 144. *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.* 1s. 6d.

LILLYWHITE'S GUIDE TO CRICKETERS, with a Review and Averages of the past Season. Also Notes upon all Gentlemen and Professionals. Spring Edition, 1863. Fcap. 8vo., sd., pp. viii—152. *Lillywhite.* 1s. 6d.

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MISCELLANEA.

THE Anniversary Dinner of the Royal Literary Fund took place at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday last—the Earl of Stanhope, President of the Fund, in the chair. The subscriptions received during the evening amounted to £800.

A MEETING of the University of London for the conferring of degrees was held at Burlington House on Wednesday—the Earl of Granville, Chancellor of the University, presiding. There were six admissions to the degree of Doctor of Medicine, one to that of Doctor of Laws, and one to that of Doctor of Science. The graduates in the degree of M.A. were 8; in the degree of B.A., 55; in that of B.Sc., 13; in that of M.B., 17; and in that of LL.B., 12. Lord Granville, in his address, explained the reasons which had induced him, as Chancellor of the University, to give his casting-vote against the proposition recently brought before the Senate, and strongly supported by Mr. Grote, for the admission of women, as well as men, to the examinations for degrees.

THE Distribution of Prizes for the present session of the Medical Society of University College, London, took place in the College on Monday last. Dr. Parkes, F.R.S., formerly one of the Medical Professors of the College, presided, and delivered an address, congratulating the successful candidates, as well as those who had sustained an honourable defeat, but rallying some on their stoical indifference in not competing at all. Among the awards were:—*The Atkinson Morley Scholarship* (£45 per annum for three years) to William J. Smith of Basingstoke; *The Longridge Prize* of £40, for general proficiency in medicine and surgery, to Mr. William Henry Griffin of

Banbury; and the *Filliter Exhibition* of £30, to Thomas Griffiths of Carmarthenshire.—The following prizes were also awarded:—*Dr. Fellowes's Clinical Medals*: gold medal, T. Jones; (extra) gold, F. T. Roberts; silver, R. Dawson.—*Anatomy and Physiology* (Prof. Sharpey, F.R.S.): gold medal, B. H. Allan; 1 silver, W. Snow; 2 silver, J. Morison, J. Williams.—*Anatomy* (Prof. Ellis), Senior Class: gold medal, C. Bradley; 1 silver, W. Snow; 2 silver, P. B. Mason. Junior Class: silver, G. O. Spencer.—*Chemistry* (Prof. Williamson, F.R.S.): gold medal, J. P. Hughes; 1 silver, P. J. Harding; 2 silver, J. M. Whitwell.—*Comparative Anatomy* (Prof. Grant, F.R.S.): gold medal, J. C. Leach.—*Practical Physiology and Histology* (Prof. Huxley): silver medal, P. B. Mason.—*Medicine* (Prof. Jenner): gold medal, P. Best; 1 silver, J. Harman; 2 silver, A. de Negri.—*Surgery* (Prof. Erichsen): gold medal, H. Everett; 1 silver, A. Bruce; 2 silver, G. Mills.

MESSRS. LONGMAN & Co. have in the press a new volume of Bishop Colenso's "The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined," containing the Book of Deuteronomy. It is to appear in June. They also announce, as being nearly ready, "Explorations in Labrador, the Country of the Montagnais and Nasquapee Indians," by Henry Youle Hind, and the fifth volume of the translation of Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History," by Mr. Cottrell, which will complete the work.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. announce a "Treatise on Natural Philosophy," by Professor Thomson of Glasgow, and Professor Tait of Edinburgh: also a "Guide to the Unprotected in Every-day Matters relating to Property and Income," by a Banker's Daughter; and Mr. Maurice's "Claims of the Bible and Science," a correspondence between a Layman and the Rev. F. D. Maurice on some questions connected with the Colenso controversy. They have also in the press a "Second Series of Synonyms of the New Testament," by Dean Trench; and "Words from the Gospels," being a second series of Doncaster Parish Sermons, by Dr. Vaughan, whose "Lectures on the Revelations of St. John the Divine" they also announce.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL announce a new work in prose by Owen Meredith: "The King of Amasis;" also Mr. T. A. Trollope's new novel of "Giulio Malatesta."

MR. VAN VOORST has in preparation "The Angler Naturalist," by Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell; "History of the British Hydroid Zoophytes," by the Rev. Thomas Hincks; "The Natural History of Tutbury" by Sir Oswald Mosley; "Notes on the Architectural History of Ely Cathedral," by the Rev. D. J. Stewart; and "Jeffreys's British Conchology," Vols. II., III., IV.—Marine Univalves, Bivalves, and Nudi-branchs.

MESSRS. VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co. have in preparation a "History of the Reign of George III.," by Mr. J. G. Phillimore, which will form a useful companion to May's "Constitutional History of England" during the same period—the narrative in the latter being necessarily the subservient portion of the book. They also announce a novel under the title of "Twice Lost;" a volume of Poems by Mr. Charles Swain, "Art and Fashion, with other Sketches, Songs, and Poems;" and "Cithara," a selection of Dr. Martin Tupper's Lyrical Compositions.

MESSRS. NISBET & Co., in conjunction with Mr. Collins of Glasgow, announce "A Commentary, Critical, Experimental, and Practical, on the Old and New Testaments," by Dr. Robert Jamieson of Glasgow, Mr. A. R. Fausset of York, and Dr. David Brown of Aberdeen, to be completed in six volumes of 600 pages each. The first volume is to appear during the present month, and the others are to follow at intervals of four months each.

MESSRS. SEELEY & Co. will bring out, in a few days, a volume entitled "Parson and People; or, Incidents in the Every-day life of a Clergyman," by the Rev. Edward Spooner, Vicar of Heston; also, a third edition of "The Spirit in the Word," by the Rev. W. W. Champneys, Vicar of St. Pancras.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN commence their "Illustrated Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," in penny numbers, on Monday next. It is printed on toned paper, and the illustrations are of a superior order.

MONSIEUR LIBRI, whose magnificent collection of printed books and manuscripts was sold some three years ago by auction by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, and the catalogue of which forms four bulky octavo volumes, full of curious bibliographical lore and scientific memoranda, has just

announced the completion of a splendid volume on the art of design, more especially as applied to bookbinding, of which his collection furnished the materials. It is entitled, "Monuments Inédits ou peu connus, faisant Partie du Cabinet de Guillaume Libri, et qui se rapportent à l'Histoire des Arts du Dessin, considérés dans leur application à l'Ornement des Livres." The volume is a royal folio, with text in French and English, and is illustrated with sixty plates, chromo-lithographed in gold and silver. It is published at nine guineas by Messrs. Dulau & Co. of Soho Square.

DR. DAVID BOSWELL REID, the well-known chemist, whose labours and difficulties in arranging a system of ventilation for the Houses of Parliament are matters of recent recollection, died suddenly, of congestion of the lungs at Washington on the 5th of April last. He had been in America for some years, and had just been appointed by the Federal Government Medical Inspector to the Sanitary Commission. At the time of his death he was about to start on a tour to look after the ventilation of the military hospitals of the North. Dr. Reid was a native of Edinburgh, and grandson of Hugo Arnot, the historian of Edinburgh.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* states that M. Alexandre Dumas is about to produce a metrical version of "Romeo and Juliet."

THE first volume of an important historical publication, entitled "Inscriptiones Latine Antiquissimæ ad C. Cæsaris mortem," has just been issued at Berlin, by order of the Prussian Academy of Sciences. The object of the work is to gather all the inscriptions of ancient Rome during the time of the republic, and up to the first century of the Christian era. Professors Th. Mommsen, Henzen, De Rossi, and Dr. Hübner are the editors of the collection.

THE Imperial Library of Paris has just received—and, we hope, also, our own British Museum—a copy of the splendid work issued by Czar Alexander II. as a memorial of his coronation at Moscow. It contains a series of chromo-lithographs surpassing in richness of design and gorgeousness of colour anything of the kind ever published. These chromo-lithographs, thirty in number, are said to cost, without letterpress, binding, &c., above a million of francs.

THE celebrated French photographer Nadar, who lately had the catacombs of Paris illuminated by electric light "for business purposes," is now said to be preparing an immense balloon, in which he intends sailing, in company with twenty friends, into, or rather over, the interior of Africa to take sun-pictures. The start is to take place from the south of Algeria. Most of the Paris papers give this news; which, however, has very much the appearance of a *canard*.

It is intended to form an "Anthropological Exhibition of Human Skulls" at Göttingen, under the superintendence of Professor Rudolf Wagner. The chief object of the undertaking is stated to be the solution of the problem—"Are there national or only individual types of heads?"

News has been received by Dr. Barth, now at Berlin, of the African travellers C. von der Decken of Hanover and Dr. Kersten of Altenburg. They have been exploring the eastern parts of Africa in the footsteps of Captains Speke and Grant. The letters left them preparing to ascend the Kilimandjaro mountain—according to Dr. Krapf and the other missionaries of Rabba Mpia, a snow-capped mountain—rising to an altitude of from 18,000 to 20,000 feet.

GOETHE'S house at Frankfurt is at this moment in the hands of a small army of learned upholsterers, who are going to put it exactly in the same state as it was at the birth, in 1749, and during the childhood of the great poet. Everything, from chairs and tables, wall-paintings and tapestry, down to the very toys in the nursery, is to be an accurate imitation of the life and scenes so graphically described in "Wahrheit und Dichtung."

ONE of the prizes to be shot for at the great annual competition of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon, in July next, is a prize of £50 given by the *Saturday Review*. Some of the *Saturday Reviewers* are themselves capital shots; and the journal has always taken an intelligent interest in Volunteering and Rifle-Shooting. Now that the example has been set, Volunteers do not despair of seeing a *Times* prize in the Wimbledon list some time or other.

IN an article on "Neapolitan Prisons, Past and Present," in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, there is a good deal of information, by a recent English tourist in Italy bearing on the discussions that have taken place in both Houses of Parliament as to the alleged continuation of

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the judicial abuses of the Bomba rule in Naples under the present government of the King of Italy. The writer, while objecting to certain things he found—in particular to “the prolonged imprisonment of men without previous interrogation”—asserts that, on the whole, there has been a vast improvement in every respect on the old prison-system of Naples since the union of the kingdom of Naples with Piedmont. He gives numerous details of the improved cleanliness and diet, the shutting up of horrible cells, &c.; and he dwells especially on the freedom with which he and others were permitted to go about the prisons, inspecting everything, and communicating with the prisoners. Speaking of one prison, the St. Francisco, he thus writes:—“Apart from the purely criminal part of St. Francisco are some cells which are occasionally used for political prisoners. In one of them I found the Cavaliere Quadromanni, a blind gentleman recently arrested on suspicion of having written a compromising letter in cipher, and being implicated in the conspiracy—or perhaps more properly intrigue of—the Princess Sciarra, now confined in a suite of upper rooms at the Questura. Of course I have nothing to say for or against his arrest; I only have to do with the manner of his treatment when arrested. Here, as everywhere else, I found the greatest readiness to permit undisturbed communication with the prisoner. I and my companions were left perfectly alone with him, and the door closed. I can only say that he assured us that he had nothing whatever to complain of as far as his treatment was concerned; he expressed himself perfectly satisfied that the officials showed him all the kindness possible; and his only complaint was, that his servant, who was used to his ways, was not allowed to be permanently with him: though, owing entirely to the kindness of the director, he was permitted to be with him for a certain time each day, to serve his dinner and make his bed. He was, however, not alone; an old fellow-prisoner of Bishop's at St. Maria Parente—who, curiously enough, had been Inspector of Prisons under the Bourbons—was in the same room with him. The room was perfectly clean, tidy, and wholesome, with decent furniture, clean beds, books, and writing materials. In fact, barring being a prisoner, there was not the slightest ground of complaint. . . . Is there no improvement here, O ye readers of Gladstone's letters? In fine, I have to state that I was most favourably impressed with the frankness, kindness, and readiness to give information shown by every officer of this prison. . . . Every door that was pointed at was immediately unlocked, and the utmost freedom of communication allowed.”

THE suit against Professor Jowett for heresy before the Vice-Chancellor's Court at Oxford is now at an end—the opinion of the judge, Mr. Montague Bernard, having been against the competency of the Court to deal with the suit; and Dr. Pusey and the other prosecutors having consequently abandoned it. In connexion with the matter, Mr. Bernard has published this curious historical statement:—“I have thought it right since this matter was argued to have the registers of the Court carefully searched since the year 1600, with the view of ascertaining whether there is any record within that period of a prosecution for errors of doctrine. As they are not indexed till within a very recent period, this has been a work of some difficulty and labour; and I have to thank the keeper of the archives for his kindness in undertaking and superintending it. The search has extended from Midsummer, 1600, to Christmas, 1811; and within the whole of that time (setting aside three or four complaints of sermons under the statute *de concionibus*) no trace has been discovered of any case of the kind, except one.” The case here mentioned by Mr. Bernard occurred in 1728. It was a prosecution of a certain Nicholas Stevens, Fellow of Trinity College, for “disseminating certain impious and blasphemous dogmas, impugning the truth of the Christian Religion, and trying to draw others into the same impiety.” Stevens, not appearing, was banished for contumacy; and that is all that is known of the case. Mr. Bernard thinks the case must have been one of blasphemous libel—an offence at Common Law; and, if so, then since 1600 he has found no precedent for a prosecution before the Vice-Chancellor's Court of the nature of Dr. Jowett's. “I shall not attempt to make one,” he emphatically adds.

THE New York correspondent of the *Times*, in reporting the existence of a new secret society in the Federal States, having its head-quarters in New York, but numbering upwards of 130,000 members spread through the cities of the Union, cannot, for the life of him, understand why the

members of this society should call themselves “Finnians” or “Feenians,” and has not been able, he says, to obtain an explanation of the origin of the term. As he tells us that the society “consists exclusively of persons of Irish birth or descent,” and that they have among their objects the invasion of Ireland, and her deliverance from the Sassenach, when the proper time comes, a little inquiry might have helped him to the explanation he wanted. Finn, Fein, or Fingal, is the mythic hero of the great time of the ancient Gaelic race; the Feinn, Finians, or Feinians, are the legendary tribe or race of Gaelic conquerors who in the Roman times possessed part of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands; and among the traditions of the Gaelic division of the Celtic race—whether in Ireland, the Scottish Highlands and Islands, or the Isle of Man—heroic stories of the Feinn are the most characteristic items. Ossian, the reputed son of Fingal, is the Gaelic Homer, to whom all the Feinian poems are attributed. Mr. Campbell of Islay, in his collection of Gaelic popular tales, has given specimens of the old Feinian legends, taken down from oral tradition within the last few years; and several very old poems of the Feinian cycle have been published in the “Dean of Lismore's Book.” Ethnography, Mythology, and Literary History are all at present very much interested in this Feinian tradition; through which it seems possible to ascend to some notion of the spiritual and social being of the Gaelic race in the times of the prehistoric mist. It is curious to find what has hitherto been a matter of mere ethnographical and mythological speculation for scholars re-appearing in the exceedingly practical form of a secret political organization of the Irish Americans hostile to England. Is it that the Feinian fibre and instinct, and snatches of the Feinian songs and legends, have remained among the Irish emigrants to America, and have taken this natural development in the present conditions of the New World; or is the development an artificial one—a mere seizure by the Irish Americans of hints and a name with which recent British speculation as to the antiquities of the Gael has supplied them?

SCIENCE.

MR. HERSCHEL ON LUMINOUS METEORS.

SO much attention has lately been paid to the branch of physical inquiry which deals with the different cosmical phenomena coming under the head of “luminous meteors,” that we doubt not the following abstract of Mr. Herschel's admirable lecture, which entirely delighted those assembled at the Royal Institution to hear it, will be read with interest. It must not be forgotten that much of the work recently accomplished has been done by Mr. Herschel himself. Nor has he omitted to wield the pen in order to induce others to come to the aid of the British Association Committee; witness a charming article on the Observation of Bolides in the *Intellectual Observer* for last month. It may also be remarked here that, although a little time ago the British Museum contrasted unfavourably with that of Vienna in its collection of meteorites, the recent progress—thanks to the untiring care of Mr. Nevil Maskelyne—has been such, that ere long, it will be beyond the reach of rivalry.

Mr. Herschel commenced his discourse by referring to the ignis fatuus, halos, parhelia, and aurora, and stated that the term “luminous meteors” also includes shooting-stars, fireballs, and Aërolites or Aërosiderites—masses of stone and iron precipitated from the air. The electrical nature of lightning was proved by the experiments of Franklin in America and Dalibard in France as early as 1752, and all its effects can be illustrated experimentally upon a small scale; but globe-lightning has hitherto received no explanation. Its occurrence rests upon more slender evidence than the frequent appearances of meteors and shooting-stars; and the great height and brilliancy of fireballs makes their analogy with such electrical discharges beneath the clouds more than doubtful or imperfect. From numerous reports of eleven large meteors which passed over England in the two years 1861-63, collected for the British Association, the heights of appearance were found to vary from 30 to 196 miles above the earth, and of disappearance from 15 to 65 miles above the earth. Their velocities were from 23 to 60 miles in a second. Meteors are occasionally dazzling by day and brighter than the full moon at night. A globe of ordinary gas-flame, a yard in diameter, at the distance of one mile, may be taken

to represent the light of full-moon; but, from these reports, globes of 14 to 50 feet in diameter of similar flame are required to represent correctly the light of the meteors at their known distances from the observers. Electrical discharges, on the contrary, diminish in the intensity of their light, as the air in which they take place is more and more exhausted. The powerful light of fireballs must, therefore, be explained in other ways. In large fireballs a bright ball or cap of bluish light is followed by a train of ruddy sparks drawing to a tail behind the meteor, or left by tongues of flame which flicker from the cap. These give to the fireball a pear-shaped or kite-shaped appearance, and follow sluggishly in the rear of the head like smoke behind a flame. Frequently they last for some minutes, or even an hour after the disappearance of the meteor, in clouds and patches, or in a long streak of phosphorescent light, both of which appearances vary continually in form and brightness till they disappear. It has been put forth by Mr. Brayley, and again by Dr. Haidinger of Vienna, that the light of a fireball is caused by a small parcel of solid matter entering the atmosphere with immense velocity, and compressing the air before it in its path. The flash which is seen in a fire-syringe made of glass, when punk and amadou are lighted by suddenly compressed air, is an experiment in point. By the intense heat a flame like that of the oxy-hydrogen lime-light is produced, which Mr. Brayley considers to vary in brilliancy and colour according to the materials of the meteoric mass. Referring to some recent experiments by M. Sainte Claire Deville at Paris, and Dr. Plücker at Bonn, in which, by great heat, oxygen had been dissociated from hydrogen in steam, and carbonic acid and other chemical compounds had been decomposed, Mr. Herschel conjectured that the violent heat of a fireball is sufficient to destroy the chemical affinities in the meteoric surface, and to cause the glowing sparks and phosphorescent streaks, which follow the flame, by the gradual recombination in the rear of the reduced metals and elements in the track of the meteor's flight. Four observations of a shooting-star, from two different places, determine the real path of the meteor. These have been found to be quite similar to fireballs in height and velocity, and, like those, always descend obliquely towards the earth. The storm of stars, occasionally seen on the mornings of November 13th, was first shown to be periodical by Professor Denison Olmsted in America in 1836; but the shower of August 10th was shown to recur every year by Mr. T. M. Forster in England in 1827; and again by M. Quetelet at Brussels, and Professor Herrick at Newhaven (U.S.) in 1836-37, independently of one another. They are supposed to form a belt of small planets or asteroids about the sun.

The most marvellous meteors are those which precipitate stones upon the earth. A fireball always precedes these occurrences; and a report or detonation is heard some minutes before the stones precipitate themselves with rattling and thundering noise upon the earth. Specimens of one hundred and eleven of these “falls” are exhibited at the British Museum, and seventy-nine specimens of iron masses of similar origin. The stones are small, claylike, or tuffaceous blocks, enclosing crystals and grains of volcanic minerals, and scales of metallic and pyritic iron alloyed with nickel, and are glazed completely over with a thin enamel-like crust of their molten substance, giving evidence of their momentary exposure to flame of very intense heat since the time when they were broken from their native rocks and before striking the earth. They are picked up too hot to be handled. They have an exceedingly uniform specific gravity, and agree in the presence of phosphorus, iron, and nickel in their composition. Von Schreibers ascribed to these stones a three-sided or four-sided pyramidal figure; but this has not in general been substantiated by more recent falls. On etching with acids the polished surfaces of iron-masses precipitated under perfectly similar surfaces, Widmanstätten discovered figures of crystalline structure in the masses, known to the present day after his name. In illustration of the history of these stones, Professor Tyndall exhibited on the screen, by means of the electric lamp, numerous thin sections of their substance, prepared by Professor Maskelyne of the British Museum for the microscope; when their complicated structure was clearly seen. From their high velocity a planetary or asteroidal motion round the sun is considered by Mr. Herschel to be the true native path in which they are intercepted by the earth—the Lunar-Volcanic theory proposed for their origin not satisfying the effects observed.

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Among the brilliant experiments which Mr. Herschel introduced was the illustration of auroral phenomena by means of the passage of the induced current through exhausted tubes and cells—the transporting power of the magnets upon the currents being evidenced by their curvature and rotation about the magnetic poles. The lecturer concluded with the statement of his conviction that observations freely communicated to scientific men would enable them to succeed before long in determining the orbits of the most vivid fireballs about the sun, and deciding the laws of their return.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

NOT very long ago we were reproached by our friends across the Channel with the fact, "*Que des médiocrités, que des inconnus, se soient faits ouvrir les portes du sanctuaire, et soient allés s'asseoir sur le fauteuil de Newton.*" This remark, made *d'après* of the Fellows of our Royal Society, and of the easy terms on which the honour was formerly conferred, now certainly no longer holds good; and we therefore congratulate the following gentlemen who have passed the fiery ordeal of selection, and have been proposed by the Council for election on the 4th of June:—E. W. Cooke, Esq., W. Crookes, Esq., J. Fergusson, Esq., F. Field, Esq., Rev. R. Harley, J. R. Hind, Esq., C. W. Merrifield, Esq., Professor D. Oliver, F. W. Pavay, M.D., W. Pingelly, Esq., H. E. Roscoe, Esq., Rev. G. Salmon, D.D., S. J. A. Salter, Esq., Rev. Professor Stanley, D.D., and Col. F. M. Eardley Wilmott, R.A. The English scientific public will rejoice that Mr. Crookes, who is to M. Lamy in the chemical world what Prof. Adams is to M. Le Verrier in the astronomical one, has been chosen for this honour, as not only are his researches on Thallium—which are of the highest value, and so recognised throughout the scientific world—thus worthily rewarded, but his claim to priority in the discovery of its metallic nature fully indorsed. Another name of note in the chemical world is that of Professor Roscoe, which all will see with pleasure; while Mr. Hind's name in the list will, doubtless, be the first intimation to many that he has not already received the reward he has so long deserved.

A PARTIAL Eclipse of the Sun will take place on the 17th inst., beginning about twenty minutes to six o'clock in the evening, and ending about a quarter past seven.

Mean Time at	Greenwich	Edinburgh	Dublin
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Begins	5 42.4	5 17.7	5 12.9
Greatest Phase	6 28.5	6 8.7	6 0.5
Ends	7 12.0	6 56.8	6 45.3
Magnitude of the Eclipse	0.292	0.349	0.286

As remarked by Mr. Dickenson at a recent meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, "Suppose a Victoria shilling to represent the Sun: the Moon will appear to touch it first on the right side, at the last *r* in the word *Britanniar*; and to leave it at the left side at the letter *i* in the word *gratia*." A portion of the right hand half of the upper part of the Sun will therefore be concealed. Although no observations of the character of those to be made at a Total or Annular Eclipse are to be expected, yet the opportunity may be taken, should the weather prove fine, of noting some of the circumstances; we therefore extract, from the *Astronomical Register*, the following hints as to the necessary preparations, which each observer may adopt according to his means or intentions:—"The latitude and longitude of the place of observation, if not precisely known, should be obtained as nearly as possible. The clock or watch by which the observations of contact are taken, to be carefully regulated, and the rate and error ascertained. The telescope should be in good order, micrometer in adjustment, eye-pieces at hand so as to shift without loss of time, dark glasses ready, &c. Should the aperture of the telescope be large, discs of cardboard ought to be prepared with which to limit it, in order to prevent fracture of the dark glasses; but the better plan is to use a reflecting eye-piece on the plan recommended by Mr. Hodgson, wherein the image of the sun is reflected from the surface of a piece of glass, through which the heat passes. The observing seat to be steady and convenient; screens to be arranged so as to shield the observer from the glare of light; and cardboard discs, to fit round the telescope near the eye-end, prepared for the same purpose. Pencils and paper should be at hand, with blank diagrams and circles, to facilitate the record of any phenomena; and a sketch of the sun should be taken, a short time previous to the eclipse, to note the position of any spots or groups that may be present on the disc. The time of first and last contact to be taken

with great care; the points of contact, contact with spots or groups, the appearance and position of irregularities on the moon's limb, to be carefully noted. An eye-piece which will take in the whole disc of the sun should be used for the observations of contact: a higher power may be applied with advantage for scrutinizing the moon's limb. The barometer and thermometer to be observed both before and after, and also during the eclipse. And, lastly, it will not be time thrown away if the observer will rehearse the eclipse, as it were, beforehand, to assure himself that all necessary appliances are at hand and in working order."

We append the following approximate positions of the two comets now visible. They have been calculated by MM. Frischauf and Winnecke respectively:—

COMET II., 1863.					
1863.	R.A.			N.P.D.	
	h	m	s	°	'
May 16	18	16	1	+74	1.2
20	17	13	26	+77	33.2

COMET III., 1863.					
1863.	R.A.			N.P.D.	
	h	m	s	°	'
May 16	2	55	14	+47	18.6
20	3	15	54	+46	28.5

THE human jaw of Abbeville is still occupying French savans; and a third paper on the subject has been presented to the French Academy by M. Quatrefages, in which he argues strongly for its authenticity. We learn also from *Galignani* that some interesting meetings, under the presidency of Dr. Milne Edwards, have recently taken place at the *Jardin des Plantes* between four distinguished Fellows of the Royal Society, representatives of English geological and palæontological knowledge—Messrs. Prestwich, Falconer, Busk, and Carpenter—and MM. Quatrefages, Desnoyers, Gaudry, Lartet, and other men of science well-known in France, to discuss, and, if possible, to decide on the authenticity and antiquity of the flint hatchets and human jaw in question. Sir John Bowring, being in Paris, was invited to the conference. The results of the examination, though by no means of a positive character, have, on the whole, served to confirm the doubts expressed by the British geologists as to their trustworthiness. That large quantities have been fabricated and sold by French workmen admits of no question; but the genuineness of many of those found at St. Acheul was established by the unanimous opinion of the conference, as was the fraudulent character of the greater number of those found at Moulin-Quignon. The whole subject, however, is to undergo a further and more thorough investigation in the locality.

ONE of the recent numbers of the *Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia* contains a most valuable zoological contribution, being a monograph of the Prehensile-tailed Quadrumana, by Dr. J. H. Slack. The following classification is adopted by the author:—Tribe 1. *Lagothrices*; Sapajon Lacépède; Brachyteles, Spix; Lagothrix Geoff.; Alouatta, Lacépède. We are not aware whether Dr. Slack has pursued his investigations amongst the Cebæ or Pitheciæ; and we hope that the present monograph is only the first instalment of a greater work. The same number contains a "Catalogue of the Miocene Shells of the Atlantic Slope," by T. A. Conrad. Here have been collected about 580 species of shells, 309 of which are Gasteropoda and 272 Conchifera. Immediately on the Miocene rests a Post-Pliocene or Pleistocene formation, replete with existing forms. Mr. Conrad says the passage between these two formations is almost as abrupt as between the Eocene and Miocene.

FRESH victories have we to record of the healing-art—or rather science, as it ought undoubtedly to be called, seeing that the welfare of mankind is the noblest end and aim of all true science. An Edinburgh physician, Dr. Smart, has discovered that the unsightly pitting—that sad *souvenir* which the smallpox so often leaves behind it—can be entirely prevented by masking the parts generally attacked with a solution of india-rubber in chloroform. More recently still MM. Jules Erchmann and Aymini have announced that the painful symptoms, and more painful operations which too often of necessity follow the formation of calculi in the human subject, are prevented by the use of the electrical current and a certain tonic lithoriptic liquid which theoretically and practically dissolve the calculus. This altogether desirable result has already been obtained by M. Aymini, who, in conjunction with Professor Pacciochi of Turin, and the Chevalier Fioretta, surgeon to the Duchess of Parma, has tried the discovery on two subjects, one of them an adult, and with the greatest success, and with scarcely any inconvenience to the patients. J. N. L.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—At the Annual General Meeting, held on Monday, May 4th, 1863, W. Tite, M.P., President, in the chair, the following were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—President, Thomas L. Donaldson, Fellow. Vice-Presidents, Messrs. A. Ashpitel, O. Jones, and Ewan Christian. Honorary Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, Mr. Charles Charnock Nelson. Ordinary Members of Council, Messrs. W. Burges, G. Somers Clarke, B. Ferrey, J. H. Hakewill, O. Hansard, H. Jones, G. J. J. Mair, Wyatt Papworth, and J. L. Pearson. Treasurer, Sir W. R. Farquhar, Bart. Honorary Solicitor, Mr. Frederick Ouvry, F.S.A. Auditors, Mr. Charles Fowler, Jun., Fellow, and Mr. R. Norman Shaw, Associate. Mr. J. P. Seddon and Mr. C. F. Hayward were re-elected Honorary Secretaries. The report and balance-sheet were read and adopted. Thanks were voted to retiring officers and others. It was announced that the Pugin Memorial Committee had signified their intention of placing the sum of £1000 collected by them at the disposal of the Institute in trust for the establishment of a student's travelling fund, under certain conditions; and it was resolved that it be referred to Council to confer with the Committee, for the purpose of drawing up a scheme and submitting the same to the members of the Institute.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, May 6th. Leonard Horner, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair. William Whitaker Collins, Esq., M.I.C.E., 15, Buckingham Street, Adelphi; Charles Carter Blake, Esq., Honorary Secretary of the Anthropological Society, Lecturer on Zoology at the London Institution, 1, Mabledon Place, W.C.; and John Martin, Esq., Cambridge House, Portsmouth, and Keydell, Shoreham, Hants, were elected Fellows. M. F. J. Pictet, Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the Academy of Geneva; Signor Q. Sella, Member of the Italian Parliament, Turin; Herr Credner, Königlicher Bergmeister of Gotha; Dr. J. J. Kaup, Conservator of the Museum of Darmstadt; Signor G. Meneghini, Professor of Palæontology in the University of Pisa; Signor B. Gastaldi of Turin; and M. A. Morlot of Berne, were elected Foreign Correspondents.—THE following communications were read:—1. "On the Brick-pit at Loxden, near Colchester." By the Rev. Osmond Fisher, M.A., F.G.S.; with a Note on the *Coleoptera*, by T. V. Wollaston, Esq., F.L.S. 2. "On the original nature and subsequent alteration of Mica-schist." By H. C. Sorby, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S. 3. "On the Fossil Corals of the West Indies." Part I. By P. Martin Duncan, M.B.Lond., F.G.S.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, May 8th.—THE chemical properties and productive powers of the soils of England formed the subject of the lecture delivered by Professor Voelcker, the consulting chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society. Professor Voelcker, taking a practical view of agricultural operations, is inclined to attach more importance to the natural qualities of the soil than to chemical appliances. There are, he said, sandy soils so poor that they cannot repay the labour and expense bestowed on them to render them productive; and, on the other hand, there are some rich clay soils that are, practically speaking, exhaustless. He alluded frequently to the recently published work of Professor Liebig on husbandry, from whose opinions he dissented, so far as they were too chemical and not sufficiently practical; and he regarded the researches of Professor Wade on the degrees of absorption of manures by various soils as of greater importance as a guide to agriculturists. It appeared from the tabulated results of a series of these experiments that there is an inherent power in various kinds of soils to absorb the substances required for the support of plants, and this property he attributed to the capillary attraction of the particles, which condition of soils is distinct from chemical action. In the view which Professor Voelcker took of the improvement of soils he considered that an experienced, intelligent farmer is better able to adapt the kind of manure to the land to insure a profitable result than a theoretical chemist. The improved knowledge of the requisite chemical constituents has, however, been the means of greatly increasing the productive powers of the soil of England. Of the manures which a knowledge of chemistry has added to the improvement of the soil, the most important are the phosphates which are contained in the fossil remains of extinct animals that are abundant in the Suffolk rag. These, when treated with sulphuric acid, yield an abundant supply of phosphate of lime. Towards the conclusion of his

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lecture, Professor Voelcker alluded to the effect of modern sanitary arrangements in diminishing the supply of manure, which, but for the introduction of new sources of supply from the relics of former worlds and distant countries, might seriously diminish the productive powers of the soils of England.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL, May 12th. Dr. James Hunt, F.S.A., President in the chair.—A PAPER was read by Professor John Marshall, F.R.S., on "The Microcephalic Brain of an Idiotic Boy, *et* 12." The brain in question weighed 8½ oz., being about 1½ oz. smaller than "Gore's case" of an idiotic female, aged 42. The particulars of the case will appear at length in the Transactions of the Society. A paper was also read by W. Bollaert, Esq., F.R.G.S., on "The Past and Present Populations of the New World," in which the author gave many interesting examples of the moral depravity and physical deterioration of the full-blacks and mixed breeds of South America. A discussion ensued, joined in by Dr. B. Seeman, F.L.S.; Mr. C. C. Blake, F.G.S.; Mr. Bouverie Pusey; Mr. Bendyshe; and the President.

MEETINGS NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, MAY 18th.

ASIATIC SOCIETY, at 3.—5, New Burlington Street. Anniversary.
BRITISH ARCHITECTS, at 8.—9, Conduit Street, Hanover Square.

TUESDAY, MAY 19th.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY, at 4.—4, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.

PATHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, at 8.—53, Berners Street, Oxford Street.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY, at 8.—12, St. James's Square. "On the Pay of the Soldier, as compared with the Wages of the Labourer." Major-General Sir A. M. Tulloch, K.C.B.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS, at 8.—25, Great George Street, Westminster. "On the Communication between London and Dublin." Mr. Watson. "On the Manufacture of Duplicate Machines and Engines." Mr. Jno. Fernie, Assoc. Inst. C. E.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, at 3.—Albemarle Street. "On Sound." Professor Tyndall.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20th.

PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY, at 11.—17, Bloomsbury Square. Anniversary.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, at 8.—Somerset House. 1. "Further Observations on the Devonian Plants of Maine, Gaspe, &c." Dr. J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., F.G.S. 2. "Notice of a new species of *Dendropteron*, &c." Dr. J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., F.G.S. 3. "On the Upper Old Red Sandstone and Devonian Rocks." J. W. Salter, Esq., F.G.S. 4. "On the Relations of the Sandstone of Cromarty with Reptilian Footprints." Dr. G. Gordon and the Rev. J. M. Joass. Communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison, K.C.B., F.R.S., F.G.S.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, at 8.30.—4, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, at 8.—John Street, Adelphi. "On Destructive Distillation, considered in reference to Modern Industrial Arts." B. H. Paul, Ph.D.

THURSDAY, MAY 21st.

ANTIQUARIES, at 8.—Somerset House.

ROYAL SOCIETY, at 8.30.—Burlington House.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY, at 7.—13, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY, at 8.—Burlington House. "On Certain Effects of Intense Heat on Fluids." W. R. Grove, Q.C.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, at 3.—Albemarle Street. "On Geology." Professor Ansted.

FRIDAY, MAY 22nd.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, at 8.—Albemarle Street. "On the Sun's Chemical Action." Professor Roscoe.

SATURDAY, MAY 23rd.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, at 3.—Albemarle Street. "On the Science of Language." Professor Max Muller.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, at 3.45.—Inner Circle, Regent's Park.

ART.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

A GREAT truth has been kept out of sight in the attacks that have been made, somewhat blindly, upon the dealings of the Royal Academicians with the pictures sent to them for exhibition. It is this: that the space at disposal is utterly inadequate to the requirements of the present generation of artists. We utterly disbelieve in the charges of malevolence and spite; to a very great extent we disbelieve in the want of capacity and judgment so noisily alleged to exist. But, after all, human nature is subject to bias and prejudice; and the confined space furnishes an excuse, if not an encouragement, for the rejection or misplacing of works displeasing to the taste of the self-constituted judges in whose power it lies to make or mar a budding reputation.

If we turn to the catalogue of the Royal Academy we find that there are 731 oil pictures hung upon the walls, in four rooms. The fifth room is devoted to miniatures, drawings, and architecture, and it is small enough for its purpose. There are forty academicians and twenty associates, forty-eight of whom are painters, each enjoying a prescriptive right to the line, and to the exhibition of eight pictures. Supposing them to exercise their privileges—privileges, it must be remembered, which they also have hardly fought for and gallantly earned, at a time when their youth had no champions

in the press and in parliament to call attention to their wrongs and sufferings—supposing, we say, that they exercised their undoubted privileges, we should see no young men's work on the line; and, of the 731 pictures on the walls, 384 would be produced by Academicians. Practically, we know this is not the case. This year the members and associates have sent 115 pictures. For the most part, they limited themselves, by mutual consent, to four, while more than this number have been admitted from outsiders. And we believe that, upon the whole, the line has been fairly kept, for we never remember to have seen more young men's works opposite to the eye of the spectator. The most glaring instances of misplacing, among others less inexcusable, are the pictures of Armitage and of Danby, which are destroyed by the positions in which they are placed.

We must not suppose that this Hanging Committee is the only one against which the wrath of artists is directed: all hanging committees, even those of the Water-Colour Societies, are subject to the same complaints. It is an infinitely unpleasant and most ungrateful office, and one from which most men would only too gladly escape; and can we wonder at it, when we see men who are gentlemen in their dealings, and not deliberately given to the undoing of their neighbours in private life, openly accused of being actuated by the basest motives—by the desire of crushing a possible competitor, or dealing a back-handed blow at a present rival?

The rejection of pictures altogether is, indeed, a crushing pain; but it is one from which no artist of any standing has escaped. It is a very painful thing for a young artist—a very serious thing, indeed, for an established painter—to have his work sent back on his hands. This year the power of rejection seems to have been exercised with no sparing hand; and the Council appears to have made serious oversights in the selection. Mr. Brett's is a glaring case; but we would call that of Mr. Lee Bridell a more flagrant one. It is a misfortune that the public should not have an opportunity of seeing the works of these men, and of other admirable landscape painters whose works are absent because rejected; but many men whose works appear on the line this year have been in similar case last year and the year before; and the lesson to be taught by these painful episodes should not be a wholesale attack upon the Councils and Hanging Committees, but the crying necessity for enlarged accommodation. This would lead inevitably to a radical change in the constitution of the governing body, and to a larger representation of the constituency of artists. It is extremely unfair to complain that the imbecile works of old academicians should occupy good places on the line. These men have painted grand pictures in their day, and felt the applause of an admiring public gratifying their souls. Who is to tell them that their power has passed away from them? To tell them so by rejecting or sky-ing their pictures would, in many cases, be base ingratitude and gratuitous insult. Yet the complaints of critics mean this, or they mean nothing. As we have said above, what we really have to do is to urge with all our strength the necessity for increased accommodation, such as the galleries at the late International Exhibition would amply afford, and a really responsible committee in place of the secret and irresponsible Council who now decide upon the claims of the pictures sent for Exhibition. Even then we should hear complaints; but we should have done much to render them innocuous.

Mr. Philip's picture of "Aqua Bendita" (23) is rather a good example of his power over the resources of his art than a favourable instance of his power of reflection. The incident is the common one, to be seen at the porch of every Roman Catholic church, of a group of worshippers who communicate by touch the virtues of the holy water. The best head is that of the elder child, who receives the drips from the fingers of the baby in arms. There is good expression in both children's heads; but the good qualities of the picture must be sought for in its technical triumphs, which are very great.

Mr. Cope sends only two pictures, both of which represent scenes in the life of childhood. "A Music Lesson" (46), and "Morning Lessons" (221), recall to us the patience and infinite motherly, or sisterly, kindness which presided over our grumpy disinclination to the acquirement of any knowledge.

Mr. Elmore's "Lucrezia Borgia" (130) is one of his best pictures. The head of Lucrezia is a very noble study, in which the characteristic lines have been worked out with infinite and true

appreciation. It might be taken as a type of an unscrupulous soul, ready to crush out whatever stands in the way of its desires: yet the more dangerous, because subject to strong passion, and not free from the instinct of revenge. The action of the figure is good: a gleam of thought, that shows no irresolution, causes her to stay the hand of the bravo whose work she will now do herself with the poison she knows so well how to use. This small picture may be taken as a representative work; and we leave it with an increased sense of Mr. Elmore's powers.

Mr. Ward has given us the story of the exhibition of Captain Coram's Portrait in "Hogarth's Studio, 1739" (199). The foundlings, for whose benefit the old sea-captain had so unwisely, as Mr. Gladstone would tell us, founded a hospital, are assembled in the painter's house. Hogarth and Coram are half-hidden behind the picture, enjoying the remarks of the young spectators; Mrs. Hogarth is cutting up the cake; and there is otherwise the wealth of incident which we always meet with in Mr. Ward's pictures. We could gladly, indeed, spare some of it, if in place thereof we could get a little more truth of effect, more real daylight—grey reflections instead of brown ones. The great merit of the work is, in some sense, also its great fault. The art is too apparent. "The Child with the Crutches" is rather arranged for effect than placed as she naturally would be with her face opposite to Captain Coram's portrait. We sigh for the quiet treatment of Leslie, and feel rather oppressed with the flutter and theatrical action. Still, we must always speak of Mr. Ward's work with great respect; and we are free to admit the difficulty of painting so well up to the mark, and of investing work with so much interest as he rarely fails to awaken. The smaller picture of Charlotte Corday in the Conciergerie contemplating her portrait—"La Toilette des Morts" (124)—is too painful a subject for clear treatment to redeem from some feeling of repugnance on the part of the spectator. It is not an abstract horror, like Elmore's "Lucrezia," but the representation of a dreadful episode in the French Revolution. There is great ability shown in the picture; but we doubt whether its acceptance under any circumstances would be favourable with an English public.

Mr. Hook's pictures are as delightful as usual; and this is saying very much indeed. The touch of nature that makes us all akin is never absent from his canvases. He has only three works, of which our favourite is "A Sailor's Wedding Party" (219). To criticise these pictures would be simply an annual repetition. They are not great works; but they are thoroughly good ones, and, as far as they go, cannot be better.

One of the painters best represented in this Exhibition is Mr. Leighton. He has four pictures, which, although they display a great versatility of invention and careful training, are not all satisfactory. His great requirements are marred by some inadequate conception of the subject, or by a false chiaroscuro. Not necessarily; for this artist's pictures are often rightly conceived, as they are also sometimes very good in effect. As an instance of wrong conception, we cannot help classing the large work of "Jezebel and Ahab met by Elijah the Tishbite" (382). By the position of the figures in this picture, the king and queen cannot yet have been face to face with the prophet, who has his hand still on the latch of the gate opening into the vineyard, and which, as it stands open, must conceal them from his view. Yet they are already overwhelmed with rage and mortification. The first words of the king were "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" and not until after the full delivery of the message did he go home and rend his clothes, and put on sackcloth and ashes. The action of Jezebel, in spite of a certain grandeur about the drawing of the face, is rather that of a pettish woman than of the wicked queen who had conceived and brought to fruition the wicked work which the prophet was sent to reprove. The figure of Elijah is grandly drawn; but the general style of the picture is somewhat lowered by decorative accessories and colour. "A Girl Feeding Peacocks" (429) illustrates the other point on which we have taken exception. How could this girl's head be so light against that brilliant white cloud? Put a sheet of white paper between the eye and the sky: if the sun be shining on it it will be brilliantly white against a grey-toned atmosphere; if there is ordinary daylight, the paper will appear positively dark against the white cloud. Tones of colour, however delicate, will never stand in place of a true chiaroscuro. To be right, a picture must be translatable into black or white; if not, we feel confused about it, and experience a sense of something

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wrong and uncomfortable, as in the work before us. We have said so much about these pictures, with great deference. In speaking of Mr. Leighton we do not forget that he is a great artist, and one of whom the country has reason to be proud. We feel jealous of his reputation, and most anxious that his unusual powers, great industry, and distinguished acquirements should produce the ripest possible fruit. As an evidence of the strength that is in him, note the small picture of "A Girl with a Basket of Fruit" (406), probably the most beautiful picture in the exhibition; and, as a contrast to this, the "Italian Crossbowman" (528) full of power and force.

By one of the younger painters, Mr. Burr, is a picture in illustration of Tennyson's "Dora" (250). This is an admirable study of expression. Observe the contrast between the boy and his grandsire, and the touching interest expressed in the two faces at the door. The picture is very pathetic; it seems to us to go nearer to the heart than any other in the Exhibition, and to be worthy of the poem it undertakes to illustrate.

Mr. Faed falls short of his great picture of last year. He sends three pictures. "Train up a Child," &c. (213), is injured in effect by the sharp perspective, which gives the figures an appearance of slipping out of the picture. "The silken gown" (377) is a bad representation of the old Scotch song "And ye shall walk in silk attire," &c. The mother of the lassie did not spread a real new silk, at so much a yard, before her daughter's eyes to tempt her to forget her Donald. The pathos is in the idea of the silk and the "siller," and the impossibility of substituting it for the idea of Donald, that holds possession of her soul. But there is great merit in the painting, which is of the same school as Philip; and there is always in this artist's work a delicious feeling of tint and quiet colours.

Mr. Webster is represented by two small pictures—"A Tea-Party" (159), and "Alone" (165). In the latter, this painter rises to a higher sentiment than is usual with him. An old man sits alone in the cottage that sheltered formerly his wife and children. He may just have returned from the funeral of the last of them. He sits broken-hearted and with dim eyes, looking on the pages of the Holy Book; but his sorrow will never more cease on this side the grave, where there is no living comfort left to him.

In strong contrast to the sentiment of Mr. Webster's picture is that of Mr. Clark's "After Work" (122). We may suppose that the old man in Webster's picture may be thinking of such a time in his life when his wife and children were present in all their youth and happiness. These two pictures should be looked at together; they are the complements to each other. Mr. Clark has painted nothing so good since the "Sick Child." With all his true feeling, however, he lacks the knowledge which, if he had it, would place his work at once on the highest level, and enable him boldly to claim comparison with Edouard Frère.

Mr. F. Goodall has four pictures, all representations of Arab life. "The Palm Offering" (515) is a very fine work, admirably drawn and coloured. It represents the widow of a Sheik bearing her child, and carrying a palm branch to place on her late husband's grave. There is a fine tone, and great breadth of colour, as in the massing of the mother's arm with the body of the child. The drawing of the heads and the body of the child are worthy of attentive consideration. Mr. Goodall certainly takes a good position in this Exhibition—his other pictures being also in advance of his later productions.

Mr. Armitage sends a picture this year. It is fatally injured by bad hanging. Well may artists call for increased accommodation and fairer play when we see the work of a really great painter used as this has been. Mr. Armitage's work is doubly interesting to all who take an interest in art, because he was the favourite and most accomplished pupil of the late Paul Delaroche. His grand picture of "Aholah and Aholibah," and his still greater "Hagar in the Desert," will be remembered as among the chief glories of English art. His present work, which is on a small scale for him, is well worth notice. Mr. Armitage, like his master, always goes to the point, and allows nothing to be introduced merely for the sake of effect. He tells his story simply, and his accessories have always a reference to his story. This young martyr has been killed in the arena, and his body is being lowered into the catacombs, where it is received by his relatives. Beautiful and pure drawing, and moderation of display, are the technical characteristics of the picture. It does not not impress us with a sense of his power

as the "Hagar" did; but we are sensible of the thought and hand of the accomplished artist, who takes his position among the great men—Watts, Hunt, Leighton, Linnell, &c.—who stand outside the ranks of the Academy. We must conclude our present notice of the Exhibition, hoping to return to it shortly.

NOTES OF THE LIFE OF AUGUSTUS L. EGG.—(Continued.)

MR. EGG now received private instructions from Mr. Stewart in oil-painting. This was probably limited to the secret of methodically laying the palette and mixing the oil and varnish to the proper consistency of megilp, and preparing the day's painting by a glazing of asphaltum, which was then the approved method, unfortunately for the duration of the pictures produced at the time. The foremost painters of the day were Wilkie, Mulready, Uwins, Howard, Turner, Martin, Haydon, Hilton, Eastlake, Calcott; and, amongst the younger men, Leslie, Maclise, and Herbert, and some others now entirely forgotten. These divided the ground; but the classical painters had outlived the taste for their works, and the students, with but few exceptions, went over to the other side. Douglas Cowper was the first amongst these to make a sensation. In the year 1839 he exhibited a picture of "Othello Relating his Adventures," which at once made him a distinguished man in the profession, and the head of the new-coming party. His was a short race, however, for death closed his career before he could paint another picture; but his memory was held dear by his companions, who forthwith instituted a club named after him, and in this compared all their efforts for the next few years. Our hero had, however, already exhibited; for we first find his name in the "Academy Catalogue," in 1838, to a picture entitled "A Spanish Girl," and again, in 1839, to a picture with the title "Laugh when you can." By their names one would not suppose they were very ambitious works; and it is worth noting that at this time his companions had but little hopes of his ultimate success in the art, and regarded him more as an amateur painter than a professional one, living as he did more luxuriously than the majority on a good annuity granted him by his father. In the first instance his address in the catalogue was at his family-house in Piccadilly; the next year he had gone away to University Street; and in 1840 to Gerrard Street. He exhibited this year a picture of "A Scene in the Boar's Head," from "Henry IV." That he had been working to some purpose was proved by this picture; and henceforth he was recognised by his intimates as more likely to achieve success. It is an interesting picture to look at by this light. Till then, his works were imitations of others, and were, for the most part, of lovers either alone or together, with landscape constructed on the principle of the portrait-backgrounds of the preceding century—a tree of no particular genus, with drooping branches, in the foreground; a sloping meadow of brown tint in the middle distance; and, further off, an undulating range of hills melting into a lowering sky. These pictures made no great demand upon his inventive faculties; and the spectator might regard them in their completed form without having his attention arrested either by merits or defects. The last picture, on the other hand, required continual exercise of discriminating power in portraying character. Conventional drawing would no longer serve when he had to represent *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, *Dame Quickly*, *Slender*, and *Doll Tearsheet*; and, accordingly, in looking on the picture, which is now in the possession of Mr. Rougier, we see defects that did not show in his earlier work, with merits that he had never before indicated the possession of. The next year's catalogue has no picture of his in it. This fact, together with some other interesting particulars, will be explained by the following extract from a letter which we have received from Mr. W. B. Scott, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne:—

When I became acquainted with Egg—in 1841, I think—he had his painting-room in Gerrard Street, Soho, one of the houses there with tall middle windows, in the approved style of the day. He was then really a handsome little fellow, of twenty-four or thirty, and one of the most cultivated of the set, at the head of which was the most unfortunate of men, Richard Dadd. Egg lived there very quietly; hardly saw any one, at least in the way of enjoying society in the student style, except the man I have mentioned, Frith, now the most popular of fact-painters, and, occasionally, Sibson, who died at Malta a few years later, and myself. Dadd painted portraits of the three, on separate canvases, but all the same in size and style. Egg, I remember, was in a tall conical brown hat, like a Puritan, his complexion being almost colourless; of course, the picture exists somewhere still, and will be a very interesting one.

At that time there were several movements in connection with Art, all of which Egg and his friends joined; especially the "Institute of the Fine Arts," from which all of us expected a good deal, but which went to nothing. I have still preserved, I find, a circular dated 26th October, 1841, from a "Committee appointed to consider the establishment of a new Exhibition," calling a meeting to hear their Report at the British Coffee House, Cockspur Street, "the Chair to be taken at 7 o'clock precisely." On the committee, which, I imagine, was self-appointed—at Dadd's studio, perhaps, a few evenings before—Egg was a leading member. The movement was caused by the rejection of pictures at the previous Academy Exhibition. Dadd was in the chair, and the meeting was attended by nearly all the good younger artists. It came to nothing, of course, because in a few years two or three of these indignants were in the Academy themselves.

We see by this extract that Egg, little as he had done hitherto in Art, already impressed those who met him as a superior man. And we know by his later works how well warranted this favourable opinion was. He was slow, however, to exhibit his advantage in his works. Each year he advanced; but he was yet as a young swimmer, who could not venture far from the shore alone; and, when he did strike out from the shallows, it seems to have been only in the track of a leader. His pictures so far, and even for a year or so later, were known by his immediate circle to be full of plagiarisms from the works of his elders, and even of his bolder fellows. It is interesting to reconcile this with the fact that, in his nature, he was veritably a man of original power, and that he showed this so strikingly in no more than four or five years from this date. It may rather surprise our readers to have it asserted, after the instances given in the last paper of his self-assertion in childhood and youth, that he was, nevertheless, a being of singular modesty. By those who were intimate with him, however, this could not be doubted. His readiness to be convinced that he was in the wrong in any question; the alacrity with which he acknowledged the merit of others' works; his misgivings about the value of his own labours; the continual researches he made in his art after new secrets—all showed, to the day of his death, a diffidence in his own nature such as few men, after success great as that he had achieved to support them, would entertain. It was, then, true modesty and not weakness that made him dependent so long. In his rough ideas he could see little to satisfy him, little worth carrying further, unless it bore a resemblance to something done before by another. When one examines his early works with the clue which his later ones give, it is possible to see from the first a personality of his own gradually growing in importance from the most retired parts until it takes possession of the whole. In many men who eventually became great one may find a counterpart to such diffident progress; but it is not so with all, even of that numerous section of such who in youth work unregarded by the world. We engage ourselves principally with his progress as seen in his pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy; but these were only half of his works. Many others were exhibited at Suffolk Street, and some at the British Institution, before that Exhibition had sacrificed its claim to respect by the bad hanging of later years. The picture which had been rejected at the Royal Academy in 1841 was probably sent to one of these last collections in the following season. We will not stop to find out what this was, but pass on to his next picture of "Cromwell discovering his chaplain, Jeremiah White, making love to his daughter Francis," with regret that we can do no more than give its title. In '43 appeared "The Introduction of Sir Piercie Shafton to Halbert Glendinning." This may be regarded as an excellent illustration of the manner of his advance. The drawing in it was wonderfully better than in the earlier pictures we have noticed; and the colour was beginning to indicate a greater reliance upon himself than before. Many things could be found in it suggested by other works; but he had made them his own by the manner in which he had adopted them, and by their relation to points entirely original. Halbert Glendinning, for example, was in the pose of an antique figure—the Antinous; but it was so well chosen, and with such strong marks of control in his treatment of it, that it looked as proper to the place and circumstances as some of the figures and groups in the cartoons of Raffaele seem, which are taken from the antique. Sir Piercie Shafton, too, it is said, was strikingly like a figure designed by an artist of his own standing in a picture of the previous year. This, however, in its supercilious bearing, was as true to the character represented as the former figure was in its silent resentment of insolence. Of the Halbert Glendinning, we know the original; and we can see how far alterations have been made so that the expression of modesty for which

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it is distinguished might become that of impatient offended pride. The left foot may be taken as the most available example in the antique; it is turned outwards with graceful ease: the adaptation has the foot drawn laterally nearer to that on which the figure stands, and turned inwards, with a somewhat *gauche* air. Doubtless in the Sir Piercie there were similar marks of there being a strongly defined image of the character in the painter's mind which made his plagiarism other than that of one who makes up his work of unconsidered trifles, like a modern Gothic architect, with nothing of his own but his "Remains of the Middle Ages." The less important figures are free from any trace of the works of others. These are all original, appropriate in expression, and characteristically costumed. The background, too, is admirably arranged and free from any look of having been made up. The colour had even stronger marks of originality than the design; so that, altogether, the picture deserved to take a high rank as a young man's picture.

The picture of '44 was a scene from "The Devil on Two Sticks," which we do not remember to have seen; but any one may see a picture by our artist of this period at the South Kensington Museum, of "Gil Blas in his difficulty to pay the Landlord," which was exhibited elsewhere than at the Academy, and bought by Mr. Vernon at the time. It exhibits a decided advance, in mechanical skill and in originality of design in the individual figures, on his previous works. The succeeding year produced a scene from the "Winter's Tale" of "Autolycus Selling his Wares," which was placed above the line in a corner of the West Room, out of sight. Then followed "Buckingham Rebuffed," hung on the left hand side of the West Room as a pendant to a picture of the same size by Mr. Frith. Together, these furnished an admirable occasion for the ordinary newspaper critics, who delight in nothing so much as to contrast two artists of the same standing, and discover that, while one has gone to the gods, another has gone to the dogs. The colour of Mr. Egg's was admirable; there was not a tone in it not peculiarly his own; and the taste for beauty was distinguished by an appreciation of character not common in the pictures of the day. To us it seemed that Buckingham's face was somewhat too tragic in expression for the occasion; but, in saying this, we rely upon our impression of sixteen years since, and this assures us that the remainder of the figure was perfectly designed. About this time he did a larger work than he was accustomed to in fresco, which was exhibited in Westminster Hall. It was called "Love," and was of two figures. It had a poetic aspect which claimed attention. His eye for colour had not lost its discrimination in working in the new material; but the subject gave no scope for the quality of dramatic invention by which he had distinguished himself in his smaller pictures, and the scale of the work was unfavourable to him on account of the demand for larger drawing which it made. In this last particular he might have remedied his shortcomings, as he had in other branches of the art so signally within the last few years; for he had the means of living nearly independently, in the shape of a liberal annuity left to him by his father. But two years before, when his picture of Sir Piercie Shafton was placed in the Octagon Room, to relieve his mortification, he had with Mr. Frith, who had been similarly treated, made a journey on the continent; and during this he caught a severe cold, which settled on his chest and sowed the seeds of the asthma, from which he suffered very severely at the time, and more or less afterwards during the remainder of his life. For a while, indeed, his friends despaired of his recovery; and it was a wonder that he could for a year or two do justice to the powers that he had. This was a trying time to him; but it is interesting to find that he does not appear to have lost his spirit, as the following anecdote will prove. An Edinburgh Art-Union had drawn its lottery, and one of the holders of the prizes had selected his picture. But a standing rule of the Society was perhaps in the way of the intended patronage; so the Secretary wrote to tell Mr. Egg of the choice of their member, but added that—as the rule was that no painter should be encouraged by the Art Union unless he had had his nativity north of the Tweed—he was anxious to learn from the painter whether this was the fact in his case. Mr. Egg wrote a letter in reply thus:—

SIR,—I am happy to state that I am not a Scotchman, nor in any way connected with Scotland; but, if it will conduce to the sale of my picture, I shall be delighted henceforth to subscribe myself,

Yours ever obediently,

A. L. MAC(?) EGG.

(To be continued.)

THE MORLAND COLLECTION.—To considerable proficiency in the mechanism of his art George Morland added a correct eye for effect, and great rapidity of execution. His pictures, so to say, are not the re-presentation of what he had seen, but, in every case, the representation of the actual scene before him. That he died young, in 1806—his end probably hastened by the dissipated life he led—is no less true than universally deplored. The facilities of locomotion were so little developed in 1791, the year of his first appearance as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, that to that alone is probably to be attributed the wreck he made of health and reputation. An intense love of nature led him into the country; and the village ale-house was in most cases the only shelter open to an artist "on the tramp," and pot-house companions his only associates after a hard day's toil. In our day men "camp out" when they want to paint from nature; and, as Mr. Hamerton has shown in his pleasant "Painter's Camp in the Highlands," can write an agreeable book by way of recreation after a day's work at the easel, and eschew pot-house companions and road-side inns by dwelling in huts of their own constructing. Morland's habits constantly kept him in trouble; debt and the sponging-house tracked him wherever he went. His brother kept a well-frequented hotel at the corner of Dean Street and Queen Street, Soho, when Soho was wont to hold its head higher than it does now. The thrifty brother helped the spendthrift, advanced him money, bought his pictures when painted, paid his debts. Hence the rise of the Morland collection, which was dispersed by the hammer of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on Saturday last, and the love of Art of the late Mr. G. H. Morland, the well-known amateur, and descendent of the thrifty brother. The Morlands, therefore, that were sold on Saturday were heirlooms, and their pedigree indisputable. Amongst these was the well-known "Grand View of Enderby"—in the foreground an itinerant "Cheap Jack" offering the cotter's wife an earthenware pan for sale; the woman and children seated under a fine tree in front of the cottage, with a dog by their side. This beautiful picture sold for 275 guineas. A signed picture, "G. Morland, 1793," painted for the Academy, "A Carrier preparing to set out on his Journey," more carefully finished than his usual pictures, brought 245 guineas; "The Bell Inn," a cabinet painting of rare beauty, 62 guineas; "The Gipsy Encampment," one of his finest pictures, 145 guineas; another equally fine, "The Stable," the figures admirably grouped, 120 guineas; "The Farm-yard," with peasants, an ox, and pigs, in his happiest style, 80 guineas; and other specimens of the master at average prices. The collection was also rich in works by the old masters; but the heirloom Morlands were necessarily what were most coveted. A portrait of Maria Ruthven by Vandyck—the engraving is in the Vandem Enden series—sold for 70 guineas; "The Interior of an Apartment," by Peter de Hoo, with a party of six cavaliers and ladies drinking and singing, 145 guineas. This fine picture was formerly in Mr. Higginson's gallery at Saltmarsh Castle. Two Canaletti—"Entrance to the Grand Canal at Venice," and "The Doge's Palace"—beautiful specimens, sold for 145 guineas; and a very fine Guardi, "The Ruins of an Italian Palace," near the coast with boats and figures, for 56 guineas. There was also a portrait of Mrs. Jordan, an oval half-length, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which sold for 60 guineas. A fine Nicholas Maes sold for 165 guineas; a beautiful Aart van der Neer, a "Winter Scene," for 205 guineas; a grand Jan van der Heyden, "Dutch Street Scenery," for 230 guineas; and an exquisite Ostade for 50 guineas. The day's sale realized £6607. 10s.

SOME choice pictures of the English School were disposed of on Wednesday last by Messrs. Foster, at their gallery in Pall Mall, including some well-selected cabinet paintings, collected by the late Mr. Joseph Penlington, of Much Woolton. "A Spanish Belle," a recent picture of J. Phillip, R.A., sold for 130 guineas; E. W. Cooke's (R.A.) "View of the Murano Lagune, Venice," painted in 1860, for 132 guineas; "Cattle Driving," the splendid picture exhibited by the Royal Academy last year, and painted by the younger Linnell whilst studying at Rome, for 255 guineas; an exquisite little picture by his father, John Linnell, "View near Hampstead," for 105 guineas; "The Valley on the Moor," exhibited in 1860 by J. C. Hook, R.A., for 192 guineas; a charming little gem by W. P. Frith, R.A., "The Farewell,"—

With handkerchief still waving, and eyes bedewed with tears,

sixteen inches by thirteen, for 131 guineas; two cattle-pieces by T. Sidney Cooper (R.A.), both on panel, for 105 guineas, and another by the same master, also on panel, "Cattle in a Stable," for 105 guineas; two Patrick Nasmyths—"A Road across a Heath with Figures," a picture to haunt one's memory, for 210 guineas, and "Lake Scenery," painted on panel, for 156 guineas; a very charming Thomas Creswick, R.A., "Afternoon in Autumn," for 132 guineas; and a wonderful W. Müller, "Pont Hoogan, North Wales," an exquisite work of art, for 440 guineas. The day's sale produced within a fraction of £5000.

MUSIC.

SECOND-RATE MUSIC.

THAT grand and chivalrous maxim touching the beauty of the female sex, which declares that all women are beautiful, though some are less beautiful than the rest, has its analogue in the æsthetics of music. All music, properly so called, is beautiful, though some sorts are less beautiful than others. Genuine love of art is best shown by a power of enjoying its every-day manifestations, just as a real feeling for natural beauty is best shown by the love of that beauty in its simplest form. Such love is, of course, less common than the delight in what is extraordinary; but it is the true indication of a naturally healthy, or of a rightly cultivated taste. A man who cannot see the beauty of an English hedge-row may go into raptures about the view from the Montanvert; but these raptures will be an expression, not of real enjoyment, but only of surprise. So you may hear people rave about a Symphony, and profess at the same time to feel the singing of a simple tune an infliction. Of such professions one part or other must be pretence. No one can enjoy or understand the greater without loving and comprehending the less. Whoever is not touched with the simple grace of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and yet declares himself an admirer of the C minor Symphony, is either an impostor or is mistaking his passing interest in an unusual piece of musical display, with its sounding pomp and imposing bustle, for a real enjoyment of the essence of the thing presented to him. The condition of the public taste in the same way, may be tested better by the way in which productions and performers of average excellence are treated, than by the degree of regard paid to exhibitions of extraordinary acquirements or extraordinary natural gifts. Wonders will always attract their crowds of gaping thousands. A genuine popular love of art will be best evidenced by the steady interest taken in its ordinary achievements. This is the point overlooked by those who tell us that the business of Academies, "Philharmonics" and such like bodies, is to confine themselves to the "perfect interpretation of the acknowledged masterpieces." The fact is that the policy defeats itself. A taste so nurtured in exclusiveness necessarily becomes narrow and perverted. A familiarity with the more ordinary standard of artistic work is positively wanted, in order to give vitality to the appreciation of the masterpieces which have become immortal. If a man were ignorant of the poetry which had grown out of the life of his own era, what would be the value of his notions of the poetry of the past? What would he know about Shakespeare or Milton—how would he measure their greatness if he had never read his Tennyson or his Shelley? Better then to present the creations of the "old masters" side by side with the newest and best contemporary work. Such work will, of course, be in general second-rate; but its quality will not be a matter of less interest on that account. Rather of more; for it is on the exercise of average talent that the every-day enjoyments of the world must depend. Nothing more thoroughly deserves encouragement than the *high* cultivation of *ordinary* powers. Madame Viardot Garcia, a consummate artist with a bad voice, is an instance of the homage which this kind of merit sometimes wins. There is no reason why purity of style and soundness of method should not accompany moderate powers as well as exceptional ones. It would be a better thing at this present moment if the body of ordinary London concert-singers could be taught to exchange the style usually current for that of Grisi, than that three fresh Grisis should be discovered—just as it is more important that the bakers shall make pure bread for the people than that Messrs. Staples shall concoct good turtle soup for the Lord Mayor. One singer, such as Mlle. Fioretti (to illustrate, one is obliged to be

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personal), is a greater gain to the cause of good music than any number of such celebrities as Mdle. Carlotta Patti. The one is certain to go on delighting the world more and more by a perfection of style, acquired by cultivation of powers, not by any means extraordinary in degree; the other is simply and solely a phenomenon, whose performances, when once the first flutter of curiosity has subsided, will be destitute of interest.

Signor Schira's new opera, "Nicolo de'Lapi," is a happy example of what it is intended to designate roughly by the phrase "good second-rate" composition. It would be vain to pretend that the work is a masterpiece; but it is genuine music, and it is not dull. Out of a subject not specially suitable to operatic treatment, and not well-handled by the playwright, Signor Schira has made an effective drama. The power of a language is best shown by its ordinary capacities of expression. So the nobleness of music—common music—as a vehicle for the expression of emotion, is well illustrated by such an instance as this. Common music, we say; for, with all respect to Signor Schira, there seems to be nothing in his work betokening a very exceptional gift—no remarkable brilliancy of melody, nor originality of setting. But it is delightfully vocal, as might be expected from the chief of a great school of singing; it has the true glow and swing of the Italian manner; and there is a general air of freedom and lightness about the writing which marks the hand of the practised musician. The choruses do, indeed, here and there verge upon the boisterous; but this defect is only occasional. The action is carried along without flagging, and the fall of the curtain leaves the listener content if not excited. It is needless, and indeed impossible, to describe here the music in detail. Its success with the Haymarket audience is a genuine one. For its performance, it needs only to mention the names of the cast, which was such a one as few authors have had at their command. It included Mdles. Titiens and Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Santley, and MM. Bettini, Gassier, and Giuglini. A pretty little canzonet, with chorus, sung by Mdle. Trebelli, has established itself as a favourite, and is regularly encored. Signor Giuglini has been scarcely so well treated by the composer as the rest of his playmates. Of Mr. Santley it is pleasant to observe that he is rapidly gaining ease and freedom in treading the Italian stage. This was about all he had to learn to become one of the most acceptable baritones now before the world. His singing is faultless. R. B. L.

OPERAS AND CONCERTS.

BUSIER and busier as grows the season, the harder becomes the task of chronicling its doings. The Covent Garden Opera-house has welcomed back its chief star, Signor Mario, as *Count Almaviva*, with the honours to which he has been accustomed any time these sixteen years—Signor Ronconi playing, of course, the *Barber*, in his own unsurpassable manner. Of the "Don Juan" of Thursday night and the "Marta" announced for to-night we may speak next week. At "Her Majesty's" the production of "Nicoli de'Lapi," mentioned above, has successfully redeemed the first of Mr. Mapleson's pledges as to novelties.

SATURDAY last began the summer series of "Grand" Concerts at the Crystal Palace, the concert-room overflowing into the nave with an eager crowd of some thousands of listeners. The *Fin altissimo* of Mdle. Carlotta Patti was probably the chief attraction; the other singers were Madame Sherrington and Signor Delle Sedie, and Herr Jaell played Mendelssohn's First Pianoforte Concerto. Madame Sherrington's round and full soprano, heard after the brilliant but less mellow tones of the young stranger, proved to be rather an indiscreet *rapprochement*. Herr Jaell played also at the "Musical Union" of Tuesday, there leading Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet in E flat. The establishment of this piece as a stock favourite ought to suggest to Mr. Ella or Mr. Chappell the production of some other less known work from the same hand. A Pianoforte Quartet (query, key?) has been mentioned as very popular in Germany. Might it not at least be tried? Her Jaell's playing is so superlatively good that one would wish to dwell on its many points of excellence. His singing of *cantabile* passages is exquisite. A Miss Madeline Schiller, a pupil of Moscheles, is announced to make her *début* at Mrs. Ella's "Extra Matinée" next Tuesday.

MADAME GODDARD's benefit-night at the Popular Concerts on Monday would have filled St.

James's Hall had it held four thousand instead of two. Such a splendid testimony on the part of the musical public makes it needless to do more than allude to Madame Goddard's claim to recognition. She may be some day, though she is not yet, surpassed as a player; but it will always have to be told, as a bit of the musical history of our generation, that it was to the "pluck" of a young lady in her teens that we first owed the pleasure of hearing the grandest works of Beethoven.

MR. PAUER's Recital of last Monday included, among the moderns, specimens of Heller, Schumann, and Chopin. Any pianist who does not know No. 2 of Schumann's "Kreisleriana" (Op. 16) ought to be glad to be told of a piece so lovely. Let any one play it, and then say what he thinks of the theory that Schumann made music by a process of intellectual hammering! Mr. Pauer's next performance will take in English composers from Bull to Bennett.

DR. WYLDE's "Philharmonic" on Wednesday gave, as its chief features, Spöhr's "Power of Sound" symphony, and Mozart's P.F. Concerto in D minor. The last was excellently played by Mr. J. F. Barnett. The Symphony, subject to one or two trivial slips (pointing, apparently, to an insufficiency of rehearsals), was grandly played. The tone of the band came out superbly in the pompous instrumentation of the military movement, and in the *quasi*-Handelian accompaniment to the thanksgiving *chorale*.

CAMBRIDGE is to be magnificently musical in Whitsun-week. The Philharmonic band and Mdle. Alboni are to perform on the 25th in the new Hall. The Professor will, of course, conduct—a body of University residents guaranteeing, it is understood, the expenses.

MR. HALLÉ was to begin his "Recitals" yesterday. He is travelling farther afield this year than he has done for the past two seasons, grouping in one performance specimens of various composers and various styles. He lets, however, no afternoon pass without playing something of Beethoven.

HERR JOACHIM, it appears, will not visit England again before next year. He is to be married this summer. The lady, Fraulein Weiss, is said to be a singer of some note. This should be a reason for his visiting his English friends oftener than before.

MR. LUMLEY's approaching benefit-performances, and incidents connected therewith, are making much talk in the circles whose centres are the Opera-houses. It appears that the Earl of Dudley declines to allow the Haymarket house to be used for these celebrations. Mr. Lumley, therefore, betakes himself to Drury Lane. No "event," apparently, can take place in the world of music (or, more properly speaking, of musical performance) without the public being reminded of the existence of some personal quarrel.

A SECOND Collection of Mendelssohn's letters is reported to be in process of publication.

OUR NEW PRINCESS appears to like the best sort of music. The young couple were at the Philharmonic Society's Concert on Monday week, and are going to repeat the visit on the 18th. They will hear Professor Bennett's Festival-Overture, "Paradise and the Peri," a work which all who were at the "Jubilee" of last year will be glad to listen to again.

MUSIC FOR NEXT WEEK.

MAY 18th to 23rd.

MONDAY.—Mr. Pauer's Fifth Historical P. F. Recital, Willis's Rooms, 3 p.m.

Concert of London Choral Union (Signor Giuglini, &c., St. James's Hall, Morning).

"Old" Philharmonic, Hanover Square Rooms, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY.—Musical Union, "Extra Matinee," St. James's Hall, 3.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY.—Herr Goffries Soiree, 76, Harley Street.

THURSDAY.—Miss E. Busby's Morning Concert, Hanover Square Rooms.

Mr. Deacon's Seance of Classical Music, Messrs. Collard's Rooms, 3 p.m.

Mr. Leslie's Choir (Mendelssohn's "Ave Maria," with Solo by Mr. Sims Reeves, &c.), Hanover Square Rooms, 8.30 p.m.

FRIDAY.—Mr. Halle's Second Pianoforte Recital, St. James's Hall, 3 p.m.

SATURDAY.—Crystal Palace Concert, 3 p.m.

OPERAS:—

COVENT GARDEN.—To-night, "Marta;" Monday, "Il Barbiere;" Tuesday, "Don Juan;" Thursday, "Marsello."

HER MAJESTY'S.—To-night, "Lucia."

THE DRAMA.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE eleven nights' engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean at the Princess's, which came to an end on Friday evening, will no doubt perfectly answer the purpose for which it was arranged—that of keeping these favourite actors in pleasant memory with the London public until their return from the antipodes a year hence, when, it is understood, they propose taking their final leave of the stage.

To-night the theatre is closed for a short period—until Whit-Monday probably—the interval to be devoted to the production of a new drama from the French, adapted by Mr. George Vining, and full of moving accidents by flood and field. The famous General Ligonier plays a prominent part in the piece, and there are to be some "effects" of a striking, not to say sensational character. The part of the heroine is to be sustained, we believe, by Miss Amy Sedgwick. Altogether the piece is expected to test the resources of the new management, and will be looked for with interest. Before quitting the subject of this theatre, we may mention that, on Monday evening next, a benefit performance is to take place in behalf of Mrs. Charles Selby, widow of the late excellent comedian and dramatist.

At Drury Lane, on the same evening, a "Dramatic Festival," is to be held for the benefit of the widow of the late James Rogers. A large number of the most popular actors and actresses in London have volunteered their services, as they always do on such occasions.

Mr. Leigh Murray's engagement at the Strand has been extended; and during the week he has appeared in one of his very best parts, *Gustave de Grignon*, in Charles Reade's too literal but yet lively version of Scribe and Legouvé's "Bataille des Dames," produced at the Olympic Theatre in 1851, two months after its production in Paris, under the title of the "Ladies' Battle." The company of the Strand theatre, unused to playing high comedy, have been put to a severe trial in the performance of this piece, and, we are glad to report, have, upon the whole, borne it well. It is no small thing for a young actress to measure herself with a mistress of her art such as Mrs. Sterling; but Miss Eleanor Bufton is to be congratulated upon having come through the ordeal with no small amount of success. Mrs. Sterling was simply perfection; and we are inclined to take Mr. Reade's word for it that she was the first actress who presented the character of the Countess in full. The character *De Grignon*, originally played by Regnier—the most elegant and accomplished light comedian on the French stage—is the most thoroughly original in the piece, and is admirably sustained by Mr. Leigh Murray, who makes the heroic coward so completely in earnest, so touchingly sensible of his inherited infirmity, so truly in love with the splendid woman he hardly dares to think of, as to make us wish him not a whit more valiant, lest he should be less honest, true, and self-devoting. The way in which he goes to face death, asking only to be supported under the trial by the presence of the woman he loves, is an exquisite bit of serio-comic acting. From first to last, indeed, the piece is very effectively played. Mr. Parselle, though not quite light enough for the part of the reckless *Henri de Flavigneul*, played with spirit and taste; and, in the pretty *ingénue* part of *Leonie*, the acting of Miss Ada Swanborough was more natural and spontaneous than any we have ever seen of hers. Her play with the terrible Prefect, *Montrichard*, by whom she is unconsciously led to betray her proscribed lover, is particularly commendable, and shows that, so far, the practice of burlesque acting has not spoiled a promising young actress.

Without being particularly new in idea, or at all sensational in effect, the one-act drama of "The Wooden-Spoon Maker," brought out at the Adelphi on Wednesday evening, is worthy of the favour with which it was received, affording as it does an opportunity to Mr. Benjamin Webster for the display of his power of presenting strong and minutely drawn character. His *Joe Chipps* is really a fine addition to the long list of his characters—full of truth and natural pathos. The story of the piece is simple, and need not here be detailed. The whole performance was marked with the greatest care; and praise is due to Mrs. Billington for the natural and delicate manner in which she presented the somewhat difficult character of a nurse, who has done a

THE READER.

16 MAY, 1863.

highly reprehensible action with good motives. Messrs. W. Brough and Halliday, the authors of this little drama, were called for at the end of the performance; and Mr. Halliday appeared before the curtain.

Of the new comedy at the Haymarket, entitled "Finesse; or, Spy and Counter-Spy," we hear that it will positively be produced this evening. The cast is particularly strong, including, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, all the principal members of the regular company. Report tells us that the comedy is charmingly written, full of character, and has some strong situations, but that it lacks constructive power—that last achievement of English would-be dramatists. The success of the "Duke's Motto," which on Thursday reached its hundredth night, may be cited as an example of the result of this faculty of construction, which French dramatists have in perfection. Good, bad, or indifferent, their plots are always developed in an artistic manner; and, as a rule, the tyro-dramatist has ten times less chance of getting his pieces acted in Paris than he has in London. The present condition of the London theatres offers no temptation to men of high literary reputation to produce works in the dramatic form; but, were it otherwise, we are convinced that no striking successes would ever be obtained in the absence of a practical knowledge of stage-requirements. We shall next week be in a position to report how far the grand-daughter of Sheridan has succeeded in mastering an art of which the author of "The School for Scandal" knew the full value when he designed the famous screen-scene.

LEVASSOR EN VISITE.—This admirable *buffo*, acting probably upon judicious advice, entirely changed his programme, taking care to omit from his second entertainment the coarser elements of the first. Several of the pieces presented will be entirely new to his London audiences—"Les Amours d'un Coiffeur" and "Le Vieux Buveur" being specially remarkable for the exquisite finish with which several characters are vividly presented by the merest chance of facial expression, the lifting of a hat, or the pulling off of a wig. Those who have never seen M. Levassor can form no conception of his entertaining powers; we know of nobody like him, either on the French or on the English stage. That the Dudley Gallery is full each night of his performance is only what might be expected.

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